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# The Bluestocking

*Published by*

The Senior Literary Society



MCMXIV

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

To one who has so faithfully aided and assisted us  
in our work, who, as patron of our class, has  
so upheld and encouraged us, by her  
sympathy and interest draw-  
ing all to feel the charm  
of her person-  
ality, to

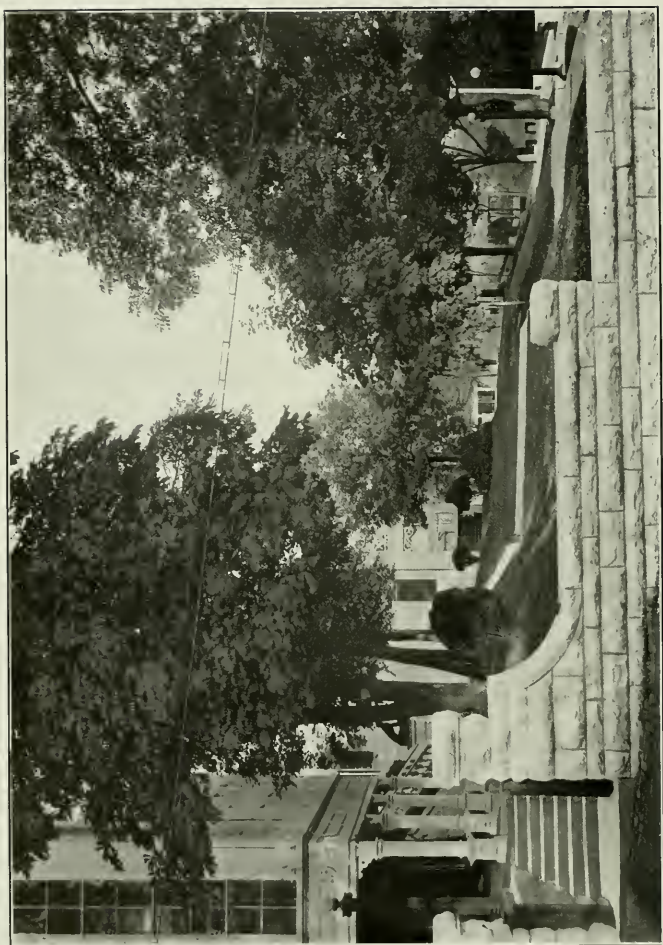
**Miss Marianna H. Higgins,**

Teacher of English Literature, we dedicate our  
"Bluestocking."





*Marianna P. Higgins*



## Foreword

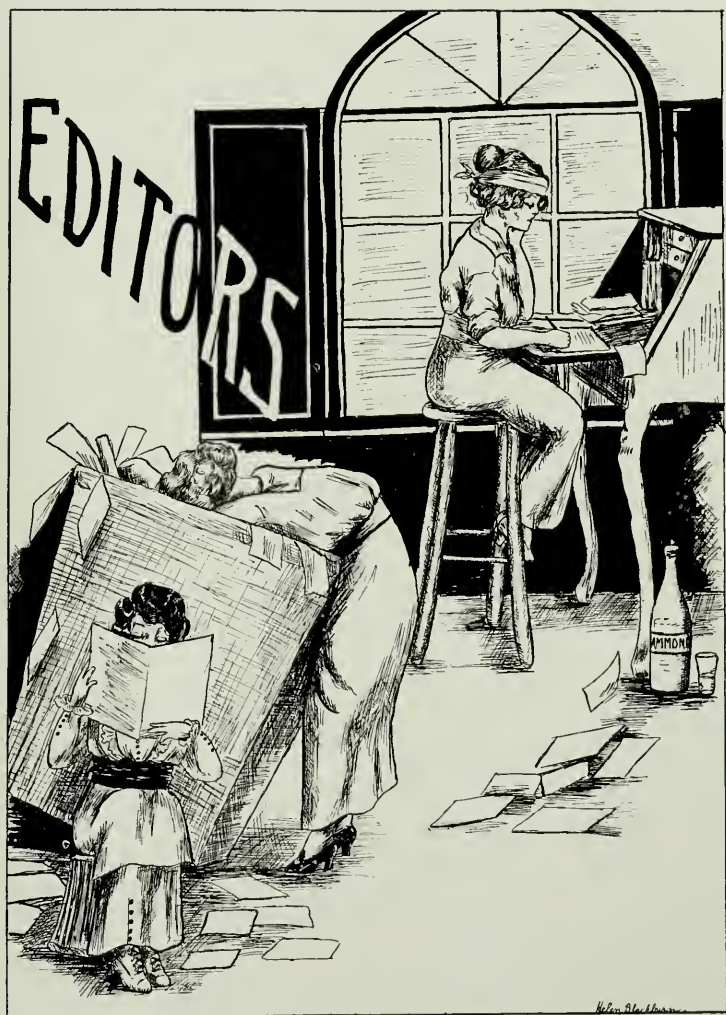
In these pages are expressed the few sorrows, but the many joys of our life at M. W. S. Because we wish others to share in our pleasures, we have written them out for all to read. To those alumnae who glance through these pages, may the thoughts of their own former pleasures mingle with ours and bring up happy memories of M. W. S. If there is anything here to merit your criticism, let it fall solely on the devoted heads of the editors. But if our Annual is a success, if our ideas are pleasing, let your praise be given to those who, by their efficient aid and sympathetic interest, have helped them to develop. These are: Miss Weinmar, Miss Warbour, Miss Meetze, Miss Shawen, Mr. King, and many of the student body.



## Appreciation

The clear streamlet flowing through the hot and dusty meadow refreshes all with its cooling waters. Such a golden influence has soothed our passing irritations into peace, and has calmed the disturbances of school-life into happiness and content.

We offer our Appreciation to Miss Abbie M. McFarland, teacher of Algebra at M. B. S.







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Literary Editor

# The Bluestocking - 1914

## Calendar

1913

Thursday, September 11 ..... Session Opens  
Saturday, October 4 ..... Miss Baldwin's Birthday  
Thursday, November 26 ..... Thanksgiving  
Thursday, December 18, 2 p. m. .... Christmas Vacation Begins

1914

Saturday, January 3 ..... Christmas Vacation Ends  
Friday, January 23 ..... Mid-Year Examinations Begin  
Friday, January 30 ..... Mid-Year Examinations End  
Saturday, January 31 ..... Miss McClung's Birthday  
Thursday, May 14 ..... Final Examinations Begin  
Thursday, May 21 ..... Final Examinations End  
Friday, May 22 ..... Art Reception  
Saturday, May 23 ..... Association Day and Class Day  
Sunday, May 24 ..... Baccalaureate Sermon  
Tuesday, May 26 ..... Commencement Day  
Thursday, September 10 ..... Session 1914-'15 Opens



# The Bluestocking - 1914

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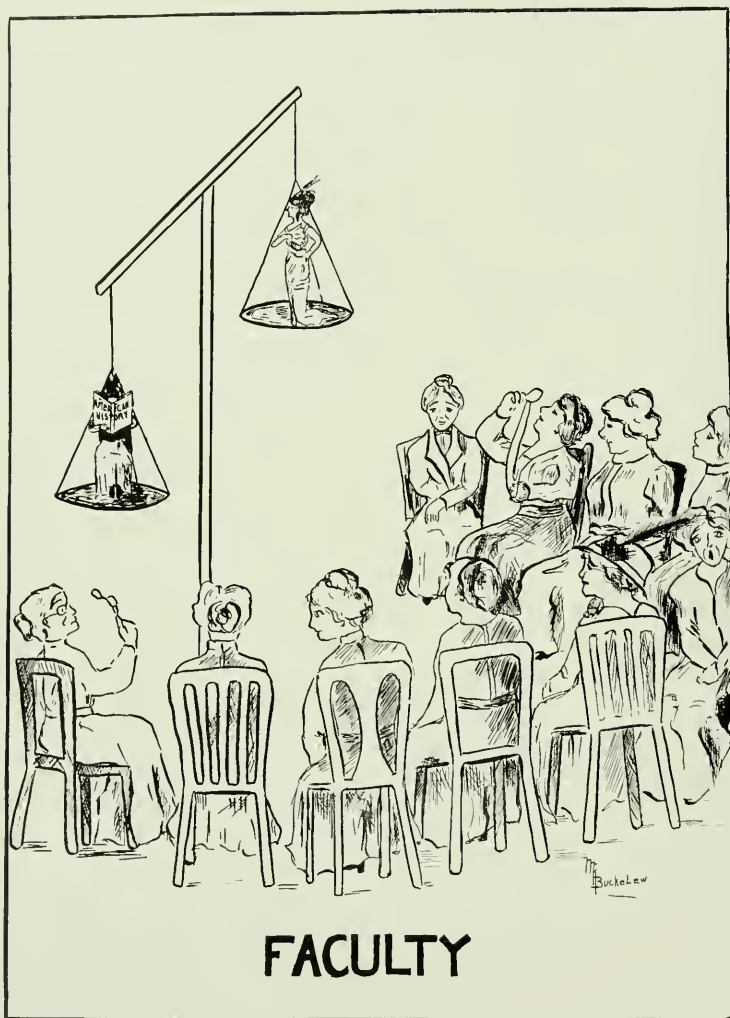
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### To the Class of 1914

O, Senior Class of M. B. S.,  
    Thou largest of all the years,  
Forget not thou the days here spent  
    In mem'ry hold thy hopes and fears.  
A sad farewell to Alma Mater,  
    All glory to her name  
Bear into the world hearts brave and true  
    For her make thou thy fame.



# GRADUATES

MOTTO

"Adversis major, par secundis"

CLASS PATRON

Miss M. P. Higgins

FLOWER

Richmond Red Rose



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AGNES WOODS

Tsing Kiang Pu, China

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and  
wisdom with mirth,  
If she had any faults, she has left us in  
doubt."*

Graduate in Literary Department; President Senior Class; President Student Association; President Z. T. Z.; Editor-in-Chief THE BLUESTOCKING; Senior Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

VERNON LICLIDER

Staunton, Virginia

*"Exhausting thought and hiving wisdom  
With each studious year"*

Graduate in Literary Department; Senior Literary Society; Editor-in-Chief *Miscellany*; Member Executive Board Student Association; Secretary Senior Class.



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### LILLIAN EISENBERG

Staunton, Virginia

*"Common sense to an uncommon degree  
Is what the world calls wisdom."*

Graduate in Literary Department; Vice-President Senior Class; Advertising Manager BLUESTOCKING; Senior Literary Society; Member Executive Board Student Association.



### LILY WOODS

Whai-an-fu, China

*"To see her is to love her,  
And love but her forever,  
For nature made her what she is,  
And never made another."*

Graduate in Literary Department; Senior Literary Society; Treasurer Senior Class; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.; Literary Editor *Miscellany*; T. D. S.; Member Executive Board Student Association.

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JANET MORRIS

Staunton, Virginia

*"Sere, resolute, still,  
Calm and self-possessed."*

Graduate in Literary Department; Senior  
Literary Society; Exchange Editor *Miscellany*;  
Member Executive Board Student Association.

ESTELLE McCUTCHEON

Staunton, Virginia

*"The modest manners with the bravest mind."*

Graduate in Literary Department; Member  
Executive Board Student Association.



## The Bluestocking - 1914

### ELIZABETH BELL

Staunton, Virginia

*"But to know her, unlocks a better clime."*

Graduate in Literary Department; Senior Literary Society; Member Executive Board Student Association; Treasurer Senior Literary Society; Business Manager *Miscellany*.



### LUCIE BULL

Scranton, Pennsylvania

*"Such music (as 'tis said),  
Before as never made."*

Graduate in Piano; Senior Literary Society; President C. O. D.; Member Executive Board Student Association; Y. W. C. A.



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LYDIA BOARDMAN

East Haddam, Connecticut

*"Sweet and exact are the notes she plays,  
As her practice, in all her daily ways"*

Graduate in Piano; Senior Literary Society;  
D. F. G.; Member Executive Board Student  
Association; Y. W. C. A.

EMMA CLARK

Point Pleasant, West Virginia

*"The sound of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell."*

Graduate in Piano; Senior Literary Society;  
Member Executive Board Student Association;  
Y. W. C. A.



## The Bluestocking - 1914

### FAY MEAD

Electra, Texas

*"Her very foot has music in it  
As she comes up the stairs."*

Graduate in Piano; President D. F. G.;  
Secretary Senior Literary Society; Member Ex-  
ecutive Board Student Association; Y. W.  
C. A.



### MARGARET HANNA

Galveston, Texas

*"Music resembles poetry, in each  
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,  
And which a master-hand alone can reach."*

Graduate in Piano; Senior Literary Society;  
X. Y. Z; Member Executive Board Student  
Association; Literary Editor BLUESTOCKING;  
Treasurer Y. W. C. A.



## The Bluestocking - 1914



BESS LEE

Statesboro, Georgia

*"Music waves eternal winds,  
Enchantress of the souls of mortals"*

Graduate in Piano; Senior Literary Society;  
Member Executive Board Student Association;  
Y. W. C. A.

FRANCES MORGAN

Springfield, Missouri

*"Ambition is not a voice of little people."*

Graduate in Piano; Senior Literary Society;  
D. F. G.; Member Executive Board Student  
Association; Y. W. C. A.



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### TODD SAFELL

Lawrenceburg, Kentucky

*"As full of spirit as the month of May,  
Her cheerful temperament cheers our gloomy  
days."*

Graduate in Piano; Senior Literary Society;  
Secretary and Treasurer Student Association;  
C. O. D.; X. Y. Z.; Y. W. C. A.



### UNDINE HUGO

San Antonio, Texas

*"Her fingers shame the ivory keys,  
They dance so light along."*

Graduate in Piano; Member Executive  
Board Student Association.





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SARA COLVIG

Wheeling, West Virginia

*"She sang,  
In numbers warmly pure and  
sweetly strong."*

Graduate in Voice; Senior Literary Society;  
Member Executive Board Student Association;  
D. F. G.; Y. W. C. A.

PENELOPE MORELAND

Fort Worth, Texas

*"Her voice was soft and low."*

Graduate in Voice; Senior Literary Society;  
Member Executive Board Student Association;  
Y. W. C. A.; X. Y. Z.



## The Bluestocking - 1914

### ANNAH RUCKMAN

Staunton, Virginia

*"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."*

Graduate in Elocution; Senior Literary Society; Member Executive Board Student Association; Y. W. C. A.



### OLA ALLISON

Yorkville, South Carolina

*"I love her for her smile—her look—  
her way  
Of speaking gently."*

Graduate in Elocution; President Senior Literary Society, President Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Student Association; Social Editor *Miscellany*; Z. T. Z.



## The Bluestocking - 1914



MARGARET HOUSTON

Selina, Alabama

*"Still born to improve us in every part,  
Her pencil our faces, her manners our hearts"*

Graduate in Art; Senior Literary Society;  
Art Editor BLUESTOCKING; President K. E. Y.;  
Member Executive Board Student Association;  
Y. W. C. A.

MINNIE KATE BUCKELEW

Shreveport, Louisiana

*"Her pencil was striking, resistless  
and grand;  
Her manners were gentle, complying  
and b'and."*

Graduate in Art; Senior Literary Society;  
Members Executive Board Student Association;  
Y. W. C. A.



# The Bluestocking - 1914



## JUNIOR

### COLOR

Green and White

### FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

### MOTTO

"In unity there is strength"

### PATRON

Miss Martha Riddle

### OFFICERS

Virginia Switzer ..... *President*  
 Antoinette Biggs ..... *Vice-President*  
 Louise Sherrill ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

Antoinette Biggs  
 Mary Ballard  
 Sara Price  
 Helen Ridgaway  
 Louise Sherrill  
 Virginia Switzer



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## PATRON

Miss McFarland

## MOTTO

"Truly, I believe their intelligence has something divine about it"

## FLOWER

Violet

## COLORS

Lavender and Purple

## OFFICERS

Ida Smith	.....	<i>President</i>
Elizabeth Bottom	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Ellen Scott	.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

## MEMBERS

Elizabeth Bottom	Margaret St. Clair
Lucile Pillsbury	Ida Smith
Ellen Scott	Lucie Woodward



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## Junior Specials

### OFFICERS

Martha Garrett .....	<i>President</i>
Edwina Brotherton .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Lucile Johnston .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Cora Lott .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

Louise Amis  
Pauline Anderson  
Edwina Brotherton  
Laura Davis  
Kathleen Elliott  
Sara Davis  
Martha Garrett  
Jessie Gregg  
Anita Herron  
Lucile Johnston  
Mary Lee Jones  
Cora Lott  
Kathleen McCroan  
Allibel Moore  
Lily Morris  
Miriam Pitts  
Mary Preston  
Agnes Slemons  
Lena Bell Smith  
Janette Stowers





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# Literary Department



## PRIZES FOR BLUESTOCKING WORK

For the best school story, offered by the Annual Board, and won by Miss Lily U. Woods.

For the best original short story, offered by the Beverly Book Store, and won by Miss Mary Anne Riddle.

For the best poem, offered by Mr. H. L. Lang, and won by Miss Elizabeth A. Bell.

For the best art work, offered by Mr. Albert Shultz, and won by Miss Minnie Kate Buckelew.

## David and Jonathan



HE room was full of girls, all chattering eagerly, while now and then voices were lowered into a mysterious whisper. Excitement reigned supreme. Finally, Meg spoke out: "Girls, seriously now, who do you think will get it?"

"Jack, of course," cried an admirer of "Jack" Willis, without the slightest hesitation.

"No she won't, either! I just know Dave will get it," chimed in another voice, promptly.

"Well, it certainly lies between those two, and everybody knows it," said a third girl.

"Please tell me about Jack and Dave, I want to hear all about them," cried Mildred, a recent comer, whom these "old girls" were "rushing."

"It would take forever to tell you all about them," said Mary, "but they are just wonderful!"

"Why do you call them Jack and Dave?" asked Mildred.

"O, they've been called that for two years now. You see," continued Mary, "they just adore each other. They live together all the time, and are simply inseparable. I never saw such a beautiful friendship before in all my life. Funny old Polly started calling them David and Jonathan, and in time it was shortened to Dave and Jack. It does seem funny, when you stop to think about it!"

"Yes, but the queerest thing about it is that they are so entirely different," put in Meg. "You know what a cut-up Jack is. She is so brimming over with mischief that she is always in trouble of some kind with the teachers. I couldn't count the scrapes she has gotten into!"

"Doesn't everybody like her, though?" Mildred asked.

"Why, sure, everybody is wild about her. The teachers can't help liking her. There is something about her that makes you love her. People are just as crazy about Dave, too. You see, she is

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such a sweet, little somebody, and the teachers think the sun rises and sets in her, because she keeps the rules."

"Dave certainly is crazy about Miss Morgan," Mary remarked, "and I do believe Jack is actually jealous of her!"

"I don't know who Miss Morgan is," said Mildred.

"If you saw her once, you'd never forget her. She is tall and dignified, and beautiful, I think, and oh, she is just wonderful!" added Mary, with enthusiasm.

"Indeed, she is," said Meg, "and everybody loves and admires her. She is the fairest person I ever saw in all my life. I would give anything in this world to be like her!"

"And you say Dave is crazy about her?" asked Mildred.

"Crazy about her! I reckon she is! It is nothing short of pure worship on her part," replied Mary.

"Girls," cried a bright, red-headed girl, "this isn't getting us any where. Who do you suppose will get the vote? I do think it takes a girl of some ability to be President of the Athletic Association."

Then followed a lively discussion, full of heated, though rather illogical, arguments.

Election day dawned bright and clear. An air of intense excitement pervaded the school. Be it said to the honor of Dave and Jack, neither one dreamed that she stood any chance in the election. Each, in her unselfish love, hoped that the other might be made President, and never once considered herself. Dave was asked to preside over the meeting. Nominations were then in order, and several girls' names were put up in addition to those of Dave and Jack, while a committee was appointed to collect and count the votes. Dave and Jack received by far the largest number of votes, and the vote was now taken over to see which of the two would come out ahead.

The room was tense with excitement. Not a whisper was heard. One by one the votes were taken up. The committee then came together and counted them. One of its members walked forward to Dave, who was presiding in the chair, and whispered

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something. Dave then held a short consultation with the committee. She was whispering eagerly, and her eyes were shining. Each of the girls shook her head, but Dave seemed to be determined, and finally she appeared to convince them.

Then Dave faced the school, her eyes shining, her little head held proudly up, and her voice rang out in a tone of clear sweetness, as she said, "It gives me pleasure to tell you that Jack Willis has been made President of the Athletic Association." Instantly the room resounded with clapping and wildest shouts of enthusiasm. All was confusion. Jack was borne out triumphantly on the shoulders of her companions.

In the confusion, Dave had not been able to get to Jack. Once they were outside, however, Dave rushed up and flung her arms about Jack's neck, clinging to her in her characteristic way, while she whispered: "Jack, my dear old girl, I am so happy and proud of you!" Strange to say, Jack choked, and the girls, looking on, saw that there were tears in her big, dark eyes.

Time passed. One week followed the next in rapid succession, and a day came when Jack was "out of sorts" with the world. "I'm so sick of it all, I don't know what to do," she cried, "and I would give anything to have some excitement."

"I know something that would excite you pretty much, if you only knew it!" cried Sara, one of the girls who had taken up the votes at the election.

"Do tell me, Sara," said Jack, "for I'm crazy to hear it!"

"I can't tell you, Jack, because I promised I wouldn't. You surely would love to hear it, though, and you'd be surprised, too!" and Sara laughed as much as to say she knew it all.

"Come here, Sara," said Jack, in her imperious way, and the two went off together.

Now, Sara was naturally weak, and, moreover, she loved to tell anything new and exciting, no matter what the consequences might be. Jack, on the other hand, was commanding, and had a little way of getting what she wanted out of people. In the end, Sara told Jack, on condition that she should never breathe it to a soul, and least of all to Dave.

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"Jack," said Sara, "you may think it queer in me to tell you, but I really think you ought to know. You remember I helped take up the votes at the election. Well, the last time it came out a tie between you and Dave. All the committee wanted to vote for Dave, then, and make her the President, but she wouldn't let us. She said she was going to cast her vote for you, and let you get it, and that we mustn't vote. We didn't think it was very constitutional, but Dave made us promise, and then she told the girls that you were President."

Jack's usually firm and defiant expression was replaced by one of a pitiful pathos. She was hurt to the heart, and her lips quivered, while she said, "Thank you, Sara, and now I must go."

Sara stared after her in blank amazement. "I had no idea it would hurt her," she murmured to herself. "Anyway she ought to know, 'cause she hasn't any business with the office when Dave should have had it."

In the days following this, Jack fought some of her most serious battles. As a rule, she was lively and careless, and had not a serious thought. Now she was different. She had been hurt, and her wound was deep. She felt that she had no right to an office which should be filled by Dave. She wanted to run to Dave, and thank her, and hug her a thousand times for her sweet unselfishness. Yet she was at liberty to do neither. It was the first thing she had not been permitted to share with Dave, and her wound grew deeper.

Finally, Jack reached a decision. "There is but one thing for me to do," she said, "and that is to repay Dave in some way. She was so unselfish with me, and I would give anything to do something for her, something that will really help her, and mean a lot to her always."

After this, Jack watched Dave closely, and she thought she saw her opportunity. Dave, she knew, loved Miss Morgan from her heart. She poured all her adoration at the feet of this teacher. Miss Morgan, in turn, had helped Dave more than she herself realized. She had given to the child a deep sense of honor, and of

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right, and all that was worth while in life Dave knew she owed to Miss Morgan. The child worked for her teacher with all her devotion, and used hands, heart, and brain to the best of her ability. It was the greatest ambition of Dave's life that she might be able to get the medal given in Miss Morgan's class at Finals.

"O God, just let me get the medal for *Miss Morgan's sake*," was the prayer of Dave's heart every night, as she clasped her hands reverently, and closed her eyes to keep back the tears.

"Dave," said Jack, one day, "I bet you will get Miss Morgan's medal this term, and I'm going to be so proud of you!"

Dave shook her head rather sadly. "I'm afraid not, Jack," she said, "for there are so many smart girls in the class."

Jack looked straight into the blue eyes of her little friend. "Dave," she said, "would you be very hurt if you didn't get Miss Morgan's medal?" Dave started a moment, then she, in turn, looked squarely into Jack's great dark eyes. "Jack," she said simply, "it would break my heart. I think it would kill me."

"But you will get it, Dave, you simply have to," and from that moment Jack exerted every effort in trying to help Dave win the medal. But what could she do? Nothing. Once she thought of going to Miss Morgan, but, fortunately, considered it a second time, and decided not to go. Miss Morgan, she knew, was absolutely fair. The medal would go to the person who won it.

It was just two days before Commencement. The spring of the year had come, with all its fresh charms. The earth was flooded with warm sunshine. Little birds chirped happily, while spring breezes blew over them, and rustled the green tree tops. The air was fragrant with the perfume of opening buds and blossoms. All the world was happy, and Dave was no exception to the rule. Her little face was radiant, and she was fairly dancing with joy. "Jack," she cried, "I have something for you alone to hear."

As soon as Jack heard it, she, too, was radiantly happy. "But, Dave," she asked, anxiously, "are you quite sure of it?"



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"Positive," said Dave, giggling with joy.

"Then nothing in this world can make me happier," cried Jack. "I've hoped for it more than you have, I know," and she caught hold of Dave and tossed her about in pure glee. "I feel like Christian when his burden rolled away," cried Jack, laughing happily, "and now do let's have some fun!"

With Jack in the lead, as usual, there was soon a mischievous little company which spent the rest of the afternoon in a series of pranks. The girls were thoughtless and meant no harm, yet they went too far, and did not escape severe criticism from several teachers who saw them. The teachers were particularly displeased with Dave, and intimated that serious consequences might result from her conduct that afternoon.

It was Commencement morning. The great auditorium was crowded. The stage was banked with beautiful flowers, and, on either side, rows of benches were filled with happy school girls, dressed in purest white. Honors were being awarded, and an air of breathless suspense pervaded the building.

Dave, seated by Jack, was awaiting her turn in eager expectancy. She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously, and, now and then, she would give Jack a little pinch of joy. Presently Jack leaned forward, "Your time is coming now, Dave!" she whispered, happily. They both waited to hear her name read. But instead, the name of another girl in Dave's class was heard.

Suddenly Dave became dizzy. She looked about her, yet saw nothing. The whole auditorium swam before her. There was a great lump in her throat, and she felt sick all over. Jack leaned toward her. "There's some mistake," she said, "what has happened?" Dave felt miles away as she answered, "They've taken it away, because of the other afternoon, Jack."

Then Jack understood. She clasped Dave's hand and held it tight, all the while reproaching herself. "It's all my fault," she groaned, "every bit of it. To think that I am responsible for this, when I've hoped and prayed I might help you get it, and now I've



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made you lose it—" Jack continued to heap upon herself a torrent of abuse, while tears of real distress filled her eyes.

How the two ever left the auditorium, and how the exercises were closed, they never knew.

There was none of the sometimes-softening sweetness of grief in the hearts of the girls, but only pangs of disappointment, bitter and relentless, and worse than death. Dave had failed in her heart's ambition, and she had herself to blame. Jack, likewise, had failed in her great desire to help Dave, and she had herself to blame. The two were broken-hearted.

Jack thought of Miss Morgan. She knew that she, of all people, would be able to help Dave, and so she took Dave to her. What the three talked about, no one else ever knew.

When Dave and Jack were seen again, smiles of true sweetness lighted up their faces. The clouds were chased away from their hearts, and the sun left to shine in all its splendor. Those who saw them were able to guess at the lesson they had learned.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat  
The stronger.

## Peggy's Second Childhood



PEGGY wore a most discontented frown, which was very out of place, for it was a perfect May day, such as poets often tell us about, and there had been three letters in the mail for her that morning. But Peggy was most assuredly not happy. She was facing what her young brain considered was a great crisis in her life. Only a month ago she had reached her nineteenth birthday, had resignedly accepted the fact, and had even been properly thrilled at the idea of being near to making her debut the coming winter. Now she was sitting in front of her desk, at boarding-school, chewing the end of her pen and uttering youthful sighs of restlessness. Her brown curls were hanging down her back, tied with a charming red bow. Her fair, white brow was painfully wrinkled, one "peaches-and-cream" cheek rested on a small hand. But Peggy's eyes were determined; those flashing brown eyes that saw through things, and whose compelling gaze made one tell her one's closest secrets. Indeed, those eyes of Peggy's meant more to her friends than her beauty.

Finally, the wrinkles smoothed out, and presently she was scribbling away at what evidently was an important missive. The letter was to her mother, and went this way:

"Dearest Love:—

My heart thrills with electric shocks whenever I think that in only one month I shall once more behold your divine ladyship. Muvver, dear, your Peg is not entirely happy, however, for she has suddenly discovered a fear clutching at her heart. All at once, the realization has come over me, that I am no longer a child, that in just one short year I shall be twenty, and then I shall have to be old in spite of myself. Oh, I am afraid! I do not want to be old! I want to go barefooted, fly kites, play marbles, have tea-parties, and get my hands fearfully dirty with mud-pies—Now, sweetheart, don't make any extravagant plans for my summer, but just give me the one year left, and let me be a through and through child for such a short time. I feel right this minute as if I could climb the tree outside of my window and help that stingy squirrel up on that limb crack his nuts. As Hashimura Togo says, hoping you are the same,

I am yours,  
Rebelliously,  
Peg."

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This done, she was able to take up once more the windings and intricacies of political economy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Peg's mother, Mrs. Austin, was not the least bit disappointed in the letter. She was both pleased and gratified to detect the desire to stay young and free, and the unwillingness to leave the simple, pure happiness of her home. So she answered her daughter encouragingly, and gave instructions for the Austin summer home in the Adirondacks to be opened and put in readiness for a whole year's occupation. Peg's father was positively jubilant. He announced his intention of attending to what business he could in their summer home, letting the rest go, while he took part in his daughter's period of freedom. Accordingly, when the Austins arrived at their place during the first week in June, Peg found a newly broken and trained colt to help her play.

Then followed golden days for Peggy: days filled with happy, carefree, childhood liberty; days full of doing the things she had told her mother she wanted to do. Everything was done systematically, for, as Peg told her mother, "No girl who has studied political economy and domestic science can do anything without system; so, like Rebecca Mary, I have a certain day for playing certain games, one day for fishing, another for wading, another for playing marbles and flying kites, and so on." All of this her mother agreed was most proper.

Peggy did not accompany her father very often on his sporting trips, for he *would* use a rod and reel to catch fish with, while Peggy scorned to use anything but a short stick, a little longer string, with a bent pin on the end; and Mr. Austin would actually shoot and kill little birds, which Peggy thought was most cruel and barbarous. Of course, she never caught a fish, but she always enjoyed those at dinner that her father caught, and shared an equal satisfaction over the birds, since she did not have to see them killed.

Peg's mother, however, often accompanied her, playing the games with a certain wistful pleasure. She loved to watch the

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girlish figure of her daughter, forcing her way through the river with strokes of ever-increasing power. She particularly liked to be out under the trees with Peg, look up at the blue sky, and exchange stories. But most of all, she liked to walk through the sweet-smelling woods, gathering wild flowers, and resting for a short time before going home, while Peggy made a wreath of flowers to crown her mother with, or put a garland around her neck. Both Mr. and Mrs. Austin, however, had many friends in the country round about, who took up a great deal of their leisure; and most of the time Peg played alone.

So the summer passed until the middle of September. The weather then became very hot, but down by the brook behind the Austin garden, it was cool under the trees, and Peg could find plenty to do there. She was getting ready one afternoon for a particularly grand tea-party. As guests there were four Kewpie dolls, a Billiken, a once wooly dog, an old rag-doll from the garret, and her own china doll, which had been lying in tissue-paper wrappings ever since Peg's twelfth birthday; and there was real cream, baked apples, and hot ginger-bread for the "eats." She had set the table on a favorite flat stone, decorated it with wood-violets, and was just completing the judicious placing of her guests when a voice suddenly interrupted her.

"Good evening," said the voice.

Peggy looked around to see where it came from. She discovered its owner standing across the brook from her, dressed in a khaki suit and boots, with a basket slung over his shoulder and carrying a rod and reel. All of this was worn by a young man of Peg's coloring, but much taller and with strong, broad shoulders.

Peggy smiled. "It's not evening yet, but I wish you back a very good afternoon."

"You are almost mistaken," said he, looking at his watch; "it wants only five minutes to six. These days are rather long now," he added, wading over to her side.

"Goodness me," exclaimed Peg, "I had no idea it was as late as that. I couldn't possibly finish all that tea-party in time

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to go home and dress for dinner. I guess you will just have to help me with it," looking speculatively at the tempting goodies.

"I think that would be a very wise idea," he accepted.

So very gravely and properly they both sat down on the ground, eating their own portions, and then starting on the parts that belonged to the dolls on each one's right.

Suddenly in the midst of carrying a spoonful of apples and cream to her small mouth, Peggy asked with just a tone of casual inquiry in her voice, "I wonder what your name could be?"

"Won't most any old one do?"

"I know, but it may be a prettier one than I can think of."

"I hardly think so, but does Raymond Savage suit your taste at all?"

Peggy was surprised. She knew at once that the man must be the son of the owner of "Chelsey," the beautiful Savage estate farther down the river. She also knew how this boy's whole life had been starved and saddened by the unworthiness of his mother and father, the former being unbelievably selfish, and the latter worth money and nothing else. After a vain attempt to keep them from getting a divorce, he had given up, and opened the home in which he had spent so many happy, childhood hours. Peg had heard her mother talking about it and pitying the son whose loyalty and devotion had been so unrequited. But she only smiled at him now, and said archly:

"Oh dear, I was so in hopes you would be a desperate robber-man, who would be reformed by my kindness."

"Who knows, fair one, who knows?" he murmured.

"Now what is your name, little girl?"

Peggy laughed mischievously. "My name is Peggy Austin, and I live in the brown house back yonder."

"You couldn't be the same Peggy Austin who gave me such a slap when I kissed her at my ninth birthday party?" said he with surprise.

"I am she, and you most assuredly deserved everything you got that day."

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"I shall avoid all such disagreeable subjects, hereafter," he nodded assentingly. "Come, we had better eat the party or we won't have time," and he set the example.

He finished his before Peggy did hers, which was perfectly natural for a hungry young man to do, but she showed her feminism by giving him one of her extra cakes just to see him enjoy the lion's share. And, indeed, the last cake seemed to go down just as easy as the first one.

"I feel like the man who 'went to the party and et jest as hearty,' as if he'd been really invited," he smiled. "May I come to another tea-party, to-morrow?"

Peg shook her head. "To-morrow is fishing day."

"You see," she went on, "I am only a nearly grown girl and playing like I am a kid. I just won't grow up quite yet," and then she told him the whole story.

"I see," said he, when she had finished; "but aren't there going to be any 'eats' on the fishing expedition?"

"Nothing but sandwiches and cold tea in the thermos-bottle," she said.

"Then I just guess you will have to invite me," with mock determination.

"Well, you will not go or be invited if you try to fish with such stuff as you have there," getting her own fishing tackle out of the hollow of a tree nearby, and showing it to him.

"Dear me, Miss Peggy, what kind of fish do you catch with that stuff?"

"Dreams," she retorted, but softening her tone she added, "I shall bring you an extra sandwich to-morrow, and you must come to see mother often," and then she was gone.

Then followed many happy hours for both of them. They played together, and Raymond proved himself a very suitable companion. With the advent of Indian Summer, canoeing on the river and long tramps through the woods became very popular. They would always build a camp-fire and cook a lunch before starting back home.

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Once, when they had finished just such a light meal on the top of one of the many smaller Adirondack hills, Raymond contented himself with smoking his pipe and watching Peggy dream.

"Old pal, I can usually accompany you on your cerebellistic travels, but I'll be hanged if I know what you are thinking about now, looking way off there as if you actually could see around 'the world," he finally inquired.

"I'm just thinking about people, and how lovely it would be if everybody could study Shakespeare, political economy and domestic science."

"For instance?"

"Well, if everybody really could study Shakespeare, they would never stay in horrid old cities, where one cannot see the things God made. If everyone studied political economy, the mothers in the world would wake up to the fact that the question of universal suffrage was one of their own responsibility, and not leave it in the hands of a few incapable society belles. And lastly, if everyone studied domestic science, probably those women's husbands, down there in the little cottages, wouldn't spend their money for drink Saturday night, but each would bring it home to his wife so she could buy and cook him a good dinner from it."

"But, even supposing domestic science would do them some good, Peggy, what earthly good would it do a fellow like me?"

"At least you would have known better than to try and put salt in my coffee as you did a while go," she retorted.

"I am rebuked," he said meekly.

Summer and fall passed, and then winter with all his beauty and vigor made himself comfortable and gave everybody to understand that he had come to stay a spell.

With the appearance of snow there blossomed forth a new Peg: a Peg all dressed in heavy woolen leggings, moccasins, short blue kilted skirt, heavy white sweater, and red tam o' shanter. She made an attractive figure with the white snow for a background, and there were so many wonderful games to play: sleigh-riding, tobogganing, skiing, ice-skating, making snow-men, and

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roasting apples and toasting marshmallows at night by the big open fire.

Mrs. Austin, knowing the boy's life of starved love, had been particularly nice to Raymond, and, though he made no other sign, the expression in his eyes showed how much he appreciated her kindness. She mothered him by doing little things for him that only a true mother knows how to do. She formed the habit of watching him closely, trying to divine the change that she knew was taking place in the boy's life. She did not have to watch long, for whenever he became quiet and thoughtful his eyes always wandered and rested on Peggy's curly head, or gazed at her graceful form as she played. She decided to let fate choose her own course, but, like all women, she could not but wonder sometimes how it was going to turn out.

As for Peggy, she was absolutely unconscious of anything but a very pleasant feeling of companionship. It was only a very small circumstance that made her think that there might be some other feeling in her heart. She and Raymond were returning from a long tramp through the peaceful quiet of snow-bound, country roads. The last dying rays of the sun had touched everything with an exquisite pink glow. It was all so beautiful that they could only walk along in silence. Suddenly, without any warning whatever, so suddenly that Peg's breath was almost surprised out of her, Ray turned to her and said:

"Peggy, if anything should happen to you, I don't believe I could live very much longer."

"Why," she gasped, "you would still have mother."

"Um-m-m, ye-e-s-s, that's right. I should still have your beautiful mother."

He grew thoughtful then. He was thinking how very small a place Mrs. Austin held in his life compared to that of Peggy. He had known that he liked Peg immensely ever since he had met her, but he had never tried to analyze his feelings any further. He now surprised himself with the realization that he knew his life would always be unhappy without Peggy's love and sympathy to



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make it otherwise. His remarks had been inspired by the fact that he was leaving the next day to spend four months in the city. He had felt very regretful, and thought only of how long it would be before he could get back. But now, having this last, strange, startling conclusion, he knew it was a good thing that he was leaving, for in the presence of Peg it would be impossible to keep silent.

As for Peggy, she never was so startled and irritated in all her life. She could not imagine why he had answered her that way. She walked beside him in silence, and did not ask him in when they came to the Austin home. They had already said their good-byes and made arrangements to write; so there was no necessity to linger over a farewell. Raymond watched her into the house a little sadly, but he knew that it was better for her to leave him just that way.

Peggy was forced to admit that life was pretty dull while Ray was not there, but later her mother had a rather severe attack of grippe, and Peg had her hands full. When the patient was well enough to sit up, Peg used most of her time in amusing her. It was only when her mother took an afternoon nap that she could go out and be a child.

As her twentieth birthday approached, she fiercely determined that it should not make any difference for at least three months afterwards. She realized how much benefit she had derived from her year of freedom. Her health was in splendid condition, and her mind had become far more developed than she could have attained for several years in the city. She even felt that she understood the life in the city better than most of her friends. There were so many things she had never understood before that were perfectly clear to her now. Having been so close to nature, she found she had come closer to God.

Ray's letters were full of his business and his eagerness to get back into the country. They told of her friends' engagements. Some of them she was going to wait on in the Spring. All of the interesting gossip was written, but aside from that, nothing. Ray had a gift of making the most plain, ordinary events interesting.

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He knew how to force himself to be perfectly sane and human, when, all the time, he was longing to tell Peggy just exactly what was in his heart.

He came back just a few days before her birthday. The trees were beginning to bud and everything seemed to take on new energy. Mrs. Austin had once more regained her strength; so Peg and Ray again took up their game of being children. Mrs. Austin knew that something must happen soon, and she made herself very quiet and unobtrusive accordingly. The two young people found plenty to do and say.

Peg frankly admitted to herself that she was glad he had come back, and that he was better looking and nicer all round than she had ever known him to be before; while Raymond thought Peggy had grown more beautiful, and he fully comprehended how much more fresh and inspiring she was than her city friends.

Ray was invited to the birthday party. There was a big, four-story, devil cake with twenty candles on it, and ice-cream in the shape of the three little bears. Peg was dressed to play the part in a demure, pink dress and her hair tied in a pink bow. She did indeed feel just exactly like a very small child, wildly excited over the joys of birthday "eats." Mrs. Austin looked at Ray. He was gazing at Peggy as if he never could stop, and looked with wistful, jealous envy at the way she held her father's hand as she blew out the candles.

After dinner they all went into the living-room and sat around the big blaze, for the weather had a searching chill in it. Pretty soon, however, Mrs. Austin dragged her unwilling spouse off with the excuse that she wanted to call on some friends. Left alone, both Peg and Ray sat on the rug and dreamed dreams. Presently he turned to her.

"Peggy, are you still afraid to grow up?"

"No, only resigned."

"Oh, why be resigned, little girl? Don't you know that you don't have ever to grow up?"

"Dearest," catching her hand, "you are the purest, sweetest,

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most wonderful girl in the world. Those friends of yours back in the city can't compare with you. They are not as attractive and by no means as beautiful. Why, ever since I discovered you last summer, I have wondered how it was one woman could be such a marvelous combination of everything really worth while as you are. Oh, my dear, my sweetheart, I love you, love you, and want you for my own, my very own, child."

He was swept completely off his feet by his true passion, but there was no turning back now. Peggy lost one whole precious minute before she could comprehend what had taken place.

"Do you think you could care to come to me, little girl?" he urged.

"But, dear," she answered softly, "do you think as young a child as I am could make you happy?"

"Peggy, said Raymond, with masterful decisiveness, "only one-half of you is a dear, angel-pure child, such as makes ordinary mortals ashamed of their sinful lives; but the other half of you is wiser than most wise women, and that is much to say."

"Well, I guess any man who has sense enough to tell a girl that is pretty sure to get her," and she allowed him to pull her close, and kiss her upon her lips, without trying to slap him, either.

MARY ANNE RIDDLE.

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### The Voice of Spring

(Prize Poem)

Far over the distant hilltops  
From the magical realms of the East,  
Comes a voice of infinite sweetness  
Calling all, from the greatest to least.

It rouses the slumbering crocus  
From its dreams of the Springtime to come,  
And bids it peep outward and welcome  
The rays of the warmth-giving sun.

It wakens the long frozen streamlets  
From the quiet of winter's repose,  
And bids them with soft, gentle murmurs  
Wondrous beauties of Nature disclose.

It calls to the gay robin redbreasts  
In the warm southern marshes afar,  
And bids them with joy hasten northward  
To the home where their pretty nests are.

It speaks to the frolicsome lambkins,  
Long hemmed in by ice and by snow,  
And bids them with joyous footsteps  
Down the green-growing pastures to go.

It calls to the man oft discouraged  
By winter's hardening care,  
It spurs him to new ambition,  
And banishes dark despair.

'Tis the voice of the Spring that thus calls us  
In accents of sweetness untold,  
And Nature and all living creatures  
In answer, God's greatness unfold.

ELIZABETH ARBUTHNOT BELL.

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### History of the Class of 1914



EARLY one morning near the first of January, 1903, two little girls, each led by an older sister, might have been seen toiling up the steps of the Mary Baldwin Seminary, down the long back gallery and finally into the enchanting domain of Miss Nannie Tate. They were somewhat timid at first and stood in awe of the other girls of the primary department; but their fears were soon quieted by Miss Nannie's gentle voice, and they began to feel more at ease. Thus entered the portals of the Mary Baldwin Seminary the first representatives of the class of 1914—Lillian Eisenberg and Elizabeth Bell, of Staunton. These two worked on alone through the intricacies of long division and the difficulties of spelling, for not until long after they had left the primary department were others of the class of 1914 added to our number.

The fall of 1909 brought two girls from far-away China to join our class. These were Lily and Agnes Woods, and through the five years of their stay they have proved to be two of our most energetic and devoted class-mates. We are indebted to the Staunton High School for two of our brightest and best members, Estelle McCutcheon and Vernon Liclides, and with the entrance, in 1911, of Janet Morris, another Staunton girl, our class roll was complete.

We were not formally organized as a class until our Sophomore year. Then, with the encouragement and advice of the notable class of 1912, and the capable direction of our patron, Miss Higgins, our organization was completed and we proudly styled ourselves "the Class of 1914." How important we felt on that long-remembered night when we gave the Seniors of that year the first class banquet ever given at the Mary Baldwin Seminary! One of the most interesting events of that year came at Commencement, when four of us received our hard-won Latin certificates, and, with this memorable mile-post behind us, we felt that we were fairly on our way to the land of Seniors.

Foremost among the events of our Junior year was the visit

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paid to the Seminary by the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, then President-elect of the United States. Sad to relate, he came during the Christmas holidays, and consequently some of our class did not have the privilege of hearing his eloquent address nor the honor of his cordial handshake. However, those of us who live in Staunton enjoyed his visit to the uttermost, and we will never forget the sight of our Nation's Chief delivering his inspiring address from the top step of the portico of the Mary Baldwin Seminary.

Shortly after the President-elect's visit, mid-year examinations began to loom threateningly on our horizon, and we realized how many hours of hard work were ahead of us before we might attain unto Senior glory. However, they were all passed successfully, and we tried to drown the thoughts of past anxieties by giving the class of 1913 a banquet in the girls' parlors. The remainder of the year passed quickly, with teas, lectures and soirées to break the monotony of school routine, and with final examinations safely passed and numerous certificates added to our store, we began to think that our goal was at last in sight.

How important we felt last fall when we assumed the role of Seniors! We forgot how insignificant we had been when first we entered the Mary Baldwin Seminary, and now felt that we would be, for one session at least, the "ladies of creation." Our year has been full of hard work, but we have also had many good times. Chief among these was the delightful banquet which the Juniors gave us early in March, and we felt that that grand occasion atoned for many hours of toil.

When, on Tuesday, May 26, 1914, we received our hard-won diplomas, in the Collegiate department of the Mary Baldwin Seminary, our delight at the attainment of this long-cherished ambition was tinged with a feeling of sadness; for during our stay within her portals we had come to love our Alma Mater and we now regretted leaving her. However, in accordance with the time-honored custom, we sang "Auld Lang Syne" and our school days at Baldwin's were over.

ELIZABETH A. BELL.

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### Class History (Specials)



INETEEN hundred and fourteen! It has come at last, and with a feeling somewhat akin to sadness we realize that we are Senior Specials!

Our little band (thirteen strong), was regularly organized in September, 1912, and with Lucie Bull as our President we have stood together through successes and failures.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of our Junior year was its social side which reached its height in the Junior-Senior banquet that spring. Enthusiasm waxed high, as we pledged our loyalty to our sisters of 1913, and hoped within our hearts that we would some day be as fair representatives of our *Alma Mater*.

And now the records of the Senior class of 1914 are closed forever—it has been a happy year, too, crowded with study and exams and rehearsals and recitals, 'tis true, but in spite of the hard work, overflowing with genuine happiness and many good times. Our class, when we were reorganized in September, was one of the largest in the history of Mary Baldwin, for Sara Colvig, Penelope Moreland, Todd Saffell, Margaret Hanna, and Annah Ruckman had joined us, making our number now fifteen. With Lucie Bull still our President, Margaret Hanna our Vice-President, Ola Allison Secretary and Treasurer, and all of our class members geniuses (?) we have climbed successfully the path strewn with thorns as well as roses.

Gladly now, and yet sadly, too, we turn our back on all these girlhood experiences, and with a thrill of pleasure face the waiting world where we are still to learn life's biggest lessons.

OLA ALLISON.

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### Class Prophecy

SCENE: *Stanniton: home of ELIZABETH BELL; class reunion.*  
TIME: 1924.

ACT I. SCENE I.—*Sitting-room.*

ELIZABETH BELL, JANET MORRIS, LILLIAN EISENBERG, ESTELLE McCUTCHEON, *sitting in easy chairs, sewing.*

ELIZABETH (*suddenly rising and walking nervously about the room*)—When will they ever come? Their train must be very late. Oh! girls, I am so anxious to see them all. I wonder if they'll be changed.

JANET—I hope they will be here soon; for you know I have to be back at the Seminary at 9:30 to see that all my girls are in. They are such scamps. How can girls be so? (*with a sigh*).

LILLIAN—Well! my muse must have been napping, for try as I would the article for the *Star* just would not develop. So I let tomorrow's evil be sufficient for itself, and left the office in desperation. Estelle, how can you sew so quietly and not seem the least bit excited?

ESTELLE—Oh! my dear, I am, but Patty's little Jack has worn out his last pair of trousers sliding down the bank, and I have to mend them.

JANET—There's the door-bell. I wonder which one it is.  
(*Enter little maid*).

MAID (*To Elizabeth*)—Please ma'am, there's some ladies to see you.

ELIZABETH—Tell them to come right in. (*Going to door.*)  
(*Enter EMMA CLARK, UNDINE HUGO, FRANCES MORGAN and MINNIE KATE BUCKELEW.*)

How good it is to see you all again! Nancy, (*to the little maid*) take the ladies' coats and hats.

Undine, what a stunning costume!



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UNDINE—Yes, it is rather. I have a position as a poser for *Vogue* and have the choice of some good-looking things. Do you like it, my dear?

MINNIE KATE—Oh! Undine, just stand still a minute. How I wish I had a pencil to sketch you. That's such a graceful attitude! If my girls could only see you! They have such stunted ideas. I get so discouraged teaching art sometimes.

EMMA (*Promptly seating herself and drawing out a large bag of darning*)—Excuse me, girls, but the boys' stockings are all ways in holes, and I have to utilize every spare moment.

ELIZABETH—I can sympathize with you, Emma, although girls are not supposed to be as bad as boys; mine are such little tom-boys. But let's have some music while we wait for the others. Frances, please let us share in the pleasures you lavish on others. I saw in the papers the other day an account of the thousands at your concert in New York. But I knew you'd turn out just that way. Professor Schmidt always did say you were a genius.

FRANCES (*laughingly*)—I am afraid you flatter me, but it gives me ten times more pleasure to play for my old class-mates than for the thousands of New York. The secret of it all is, girls, that I love it! (*Sitting down to the piano to play.*)

ALL—Oh! how lovely! Just the same Frances.

(*Loud ringing of door-bell.*) Enter SARA COLVIG, MARGARET HANNA, OLA ALLISON, MARGARET HOUSTON, VERNON LICLIDER.

SARA—Oh! Elizabeth, you can never know how hard it was to leave him! We've only been married two months, but I felt it was not right to miss the class reunion. He came with me, however. Would you like to meet him?

MARGARET and OLA (*rising in indignation*)—Elizabeth, we thought this a class reunion! We will have to leave, if you insist on bringing the gentleman in.

VERNON (*nodding approvingly*)—That's right! Now, girls, show your colors; for once don't go over to a man! Women are not down-trodden now, as they were in our school-days. They used to bear all the burdens, and be denied all privileges. But now the

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majority have awakened to the sense of their position. There are some, even now (*pointing severely to ESTELLE and EMMA, placidly sewing*), who are blind, wilfully blind to their rights.

ELIZABETH (*soothingly*)—Sara, we would love to meet him, but on this occasion, I believe it would be best if he did not appear. Even my husband is banished for this evening to the club. Margaret, have you brought that portrait you promised?

MARGARET—Yes, girls, I have just finished it in rather a hurry, but I wanted you to see it (*unwrapping the cover*), here it is.

ALL—Miss Higgins! what a beautiful portrait!

MARGARET—Isn't it exactly like her!

ELIZABETH—I was so anxious for her to be with us to-day, but she found it impossible. Let's hang it here so all can see it. Here are some more.

(*Enter FAY MEAD, LYDIA BOARDMAN, ANNAH RUCKMAN.*)

FAY (*with quick eyes, taking in Undine's dress*)—Oh! that must be a new style from Paris. How stunning?

LYDIA—Fay, I must have one like it for my next reception.

ANNAH—Girls, I thought this would be a good chance to ask whether our class could not give something towards our work in the slums. If you could only feel the contrast between the condition of the pitiful little wretches, wandering the streets of Chicago, and that of our little people playing happily in this beautiful mountain country! Here comes Todd, I know she'll approve.

(*Enter TODD, LILY, PENELOPE, LUCIE BULL and BESS LEE.*)

TODD—Why, yes, that's exactly what my husband is so interested in. He'll certainly contribute.

### ACT II. SCENE I.—*Dining-room.*

"BULLY"—Lil, I've just read your new book. It's a powerful, forceful story. I was interested in it at first for your sake, but soon I became absorbed in the story itself. You have certainly portrayed well the condition in China.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

LILY—Why, Bully, I am so glad you enjoyed it. But, girls, I want to read you a letter from Agnes. It was too bad her fur-lough was not due this year. Her hospital work is consuming her entire time.

Dear girls:

How I wish I were with you all tonight! You will have a lovely time talking over old times and past escapades. I wish for you all many of the happiest years. The interest of the hospital work has made me supremely happy. Being a nurse is all and more than I thought it would be. In recalling old friends, don't forget,

"CHINA."

BULLY—I am sorry she's not here. Isn't it just like her to fly off on a tangent, as on this nursing proposition? But, girls, I want to introduce you to our old friend, Penelope, who has blossomed into one of our leading Prima Donnas. Aren't we proud of the class of 1914?

BESS—Indeed, we are! Here's to the class of 1914 and to its distinguished members!

FRANCES—Here's to those who reign supreme in homes.

ELIZABETH—Girls, let's all rise to this last. (*All with glasses held high.*) Here's to the class of 1914, to each and every member, who has filled her own sphere in life, and without whom there would be a break in the world's chain of happiness!

(*Curtain falls.*)

## The Bluestocking - 1914

### The Retrospect

#### September

For the "old girls," September eleventh came with a jump, and startled them when they realized that they really had to go back to M. B. S. after the "most glorious summer ever"; for the new girls it was a date looked forward to with anticipation, and by some, with fear and dread. At any rate it seemed that it just *had* to come, and with it, the weeks of excitement—excitement over



meeting so many new people; and the usual paroxysms of home-sickness. Even bunches of old girls were sometimes found, by wandering freshmen, huddled together bewailing their fate; weeping over the good times and dances of 1913's wonderful summer.

The Y. W. C. A. was the first that seemed to realize the situation, and they decided to settle the general strangeness of things. So they surprised everybody one day by announcing that they had better begin making their "dates" for the usual grand reception. That was a great affair! All forgot their sorrows—ate ice-cream like normal beings—and managed to know almost everybody before they left.

#### October

It seemed that fate was against us this year. All the holidays, of course, had to come on Saturday or Sunday. The first, October 4th, was the birthday of Miss Baldwin. When we found that Miss Weimar completely ignored it, we were truly sad—but she made it up to us later in the month with one of her delightful "surprise" holidays.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

And we were greatly cheered at the prospects of seeing all sorts of "grand opera" this winter when we were allowed to see Annie Russell in "She Stoops to Conquer." It really wasn't hard to imagine ourselves some wonderfully gowned audience in the Metropolitan Theatre, instead of an "angel brigade," clad in our white uniforms. However, we enjoyed it all, 'most as much as we did "Peg-o-my-Heart" the first of December. But I am skipping too many good times!



Madame Von Unschuld, Court Pianist to the Queen of Roumania, played for us on the fifteenth of October. It seemed as if she had only to look at the piano to make it play.

Mr. King didn't forget his bunch of Red Heads this year. On the twenty-fifth he gathered them all together, piled them into carriages, and hustled them off to Jennings' Gap for a good old picnic dinner. They didn't bring the rest of us even a bone!



We were almost tempted to believe in spooks and goblins Hallowe'en night. The Y. W. C. A. planned all sorts of stunts in the gym—from the "Stetson Wonders" to "September Morn"—and we ate everything from popcorn and cider, to good old ginger bread.



The Bluestocking - 1914

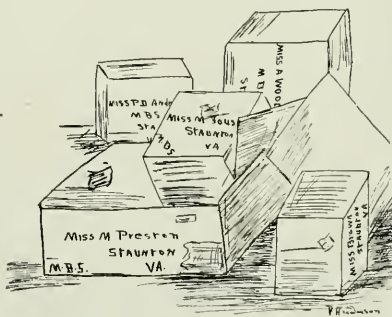
## Number

The first of November! What a red letter day that was! Little squeals, and suppressed giggles were heard going from building to building in the cold, grey dawn—and before breakfast, most of the clubs had succeeded in pinning the girls they had been rushing since the beginning of school. And just to celebrate, we were allowed to see the Kableites defeat Woodberry in a dandy, fine game of football. We didn't even mind the winter uniforms that day!



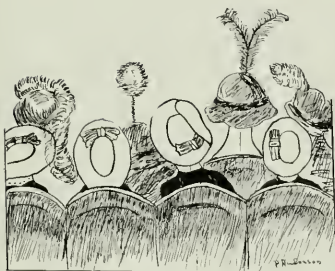
The first part of the month was filled with feasts given in honor of the new club members, and at each the twins' Victrola furnished most of the excitement. Among these, was the C. O. D.'s annual banquet—a very elaborate and extremely formal affair, if we may judge by the sounds of mirth that oozed out of the windows and under the doors.

The day before Thanksgiving—a more important day than Thanksgiving itself! Boxes and boxes—big ones, wooden ones, hat boxes, all crammed full of good “eats,” began pouring in; and as fast as they poured in, they were devoured to make room for more. Perhaps Thanksgiving, because of its prestige, was more exciting after all—and the thoughts of that dinner! Thoughts of tender turkey of a day that is gone, stir pangs of hunger in me!



## The Bluestocking - 1914

### December



A decided hit was made by "Peg" in "Peg-o'-My Heart," on December first. Matinees seem to have a peculiar fascination for M. B. S. girls.

Dr. Alphonso Smith of the University of Virginia gave the first of a series of lectures on December second. His subject, "The American Sense of Humor," certainly appealed to the girls. Every

school girl revels in jokes—and his were extremely funny as well as interesting because of the wide range of his victims.

Another of that week's entertainments was on the fifth, when Mr. Austin Kaspar, violinist, played for us at the Beveley. Music

was in the air—but why not? It was the Xmas month! Frances Morgan gave her graduating recital in organ the following Friday, assisted by a chorus of town people and by Jessie Gregg, who played a violin solo.

Before we had time to realize it, the Xmas holidays were upon us, and from the eighteenth until way into the New Year, Joy reigned supreme in more than thirty states—at least as far



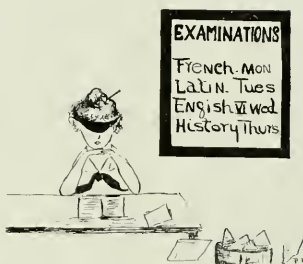
as Baldwin girls were concerned.



## The Bluestocking - 1914

### January

Again, though, we had to pass through those awful stages of home-sickness before the memory of those blissful holidays could be chased completely away by a thought which truly haunted us all—EXAMS!!



### February

A whole month, and nothing more eventful to break the awful monotony, until that glorious snow on Valentine day, and the still more glorious sleigh rides that Mr. King engineered. For many of the southern girls this was a novel experience, perhaps that's why they held their breath and kept quiet! The T. D. S.'s wound up the day with their banquet, which from all accounts was "perfectly divine."



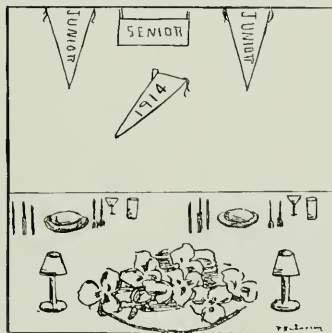
Queer, how many things were crammed into our shortest month. On the twentieth, Miss Lelia Mechlin, from Washington, gave a most interesting lecture on contemporary art, illustrated with stereopticon slides. The next night most of us saw "Faust," and since it was our début in grand opera since our arrival at M. B. S., it made quite an impression. Many things struck us as being funny—especially the tragic death of Valentine. The next week the Dramatic Club presented "The Ladies of Cranford"; and the following night we heard Mr. Pasqual Tallarico, pianist, give a most beautiful and delightful program.



# The Bluestocking - 1914

## March

With March our "days of the circus bench" began, with their hours and hours of nerve-racking, back-breaking soirées. Not that we didn't enjoy them to the very fullest, nor that they weren't successful to the limit, because indeed they were, but the comfort of the circus benches is proverbial! Professor Eisenberg's recital came on the sixth, and was followed by Miss Mulford's and Professor Schmidt's. On the seventh the Seniors' hopes were realized in the won-



derful banquet given them by the Juniors. Such "cats" will make a big peak in the memory of each Senior's last year at M. B. S., nor will they forget the 1914 Juniors! On the twentieth Corinne Welsh sang for us—a sure enough musical treat. The Fancy Dress Ball given in the dining room this month was easily the social event of the season. Then

came our deferred holiday, in honor of Miss McClung, which brought us the usual holiday pleasures.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

### April

Spring Holidays: It almost seemed like Christmas on the sixteenth to see such a mob of girls hustling off beladen with suit cases. Those who were fortunate enough to get their "permissions" in time went with the rest to be the ever popular "visiting-girls," and left us, not a small minority, behind to be contented with such novel experiences as a trip to Weyer's Cave, hikes, rides and dances in the gym.

Hardly had the excitement of these few days died down when the Annual Board surprised everybody with the cleverest of Japanese plays, "Princess Kiku." And close upon that came Miss MacKenzie's soirées, which almost stepped upon our finals and Commencement week. However, it made a pleasant prelude to the weeks of grind that followed. Scattered in among the soirées and recitals, all during the spring months were tramps, feasts and club banquets—and a lot of other little stunts that were too numerous even to mention.

And now we will leave you at Commencement week. Those who stayed to see it through, will never forget it, nor will they tell those who piked just what a gloriously fine time they missed!







# Mary Baldwin Miscellany





# THE MARY BALDWIN MISCELLANY

VOL. XVI

MARCH, 1914

NO. 3

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Published quarterly by the Senior Literary Society of  
the Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Virginia

## The Bluestocking - 1914



### Y. W. C. A.

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# The Bluestocking - 1914

## Student Association of the Mary Baldwin Seminary

Agnes Woods.....*President*  
 Ola Allison.....*Vice-President*  
 Todd Saffell.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

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Clare Adams	Undine Hugo
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Lillian Eisenberg	Todd Saffell
Luise Eisenberg	Ida Smith
Margaret Hanna	Lily Woods
Margaret Houston	Agnes Woods

The Student Association is composed of the whole student body of the Seminary, and is under the direction of an Executive Board, which consists of the graduates of the current year and prominent officers of the following organizations: Annual Board, Miscellany Board, Young Woman's Christian Association, Senior and Junior Literary Societies, Hawthorne Literary Society; and presidents of all the clubs. All that has been accomplished is due to the wise and interested advice of Miss Mattoon, who is its founder and chief support.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

### To M. B. S.

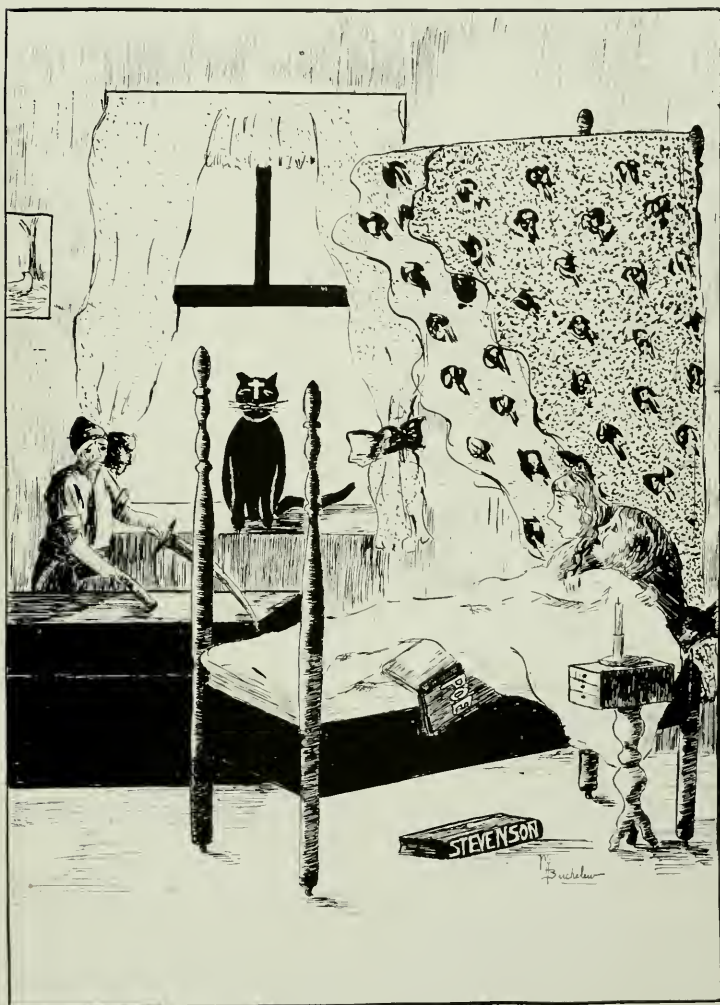
Tune: Heidelberg

Here's to the girls of the M. B. S.!  
Here's to the lessons, too;  
Here's to the pin we wear for her,  
Here's to the colors true!  
Here's to the hope that we may be  
Proven through every test,  
Worthy the school that we most revere,  
Here's to the M. B. S.

Here's to the bells of the M. B. S.!  
Here's to their silvery call;  
Here's to the early breakfast bell,  
Most punctual of them all!  
Here's to the bell for Sunday-School;  
The bell for the quiet hour's rest;  
And here's to the bell when the lights go out,  
And all's silent at M. B. S.

Here's to the steps we have to climb;  
Here's to the tennis court;  
Here's to the golf links and the farm;  
Here's to our fun and sport!  
Here's to the rides and teas and feasts;  
Here's to the swimming, too,  
Here's to our joys at the M. B. S.!  
That keep us from being blue.

Here's to our home-friends far away;  
Here's to their warm hearts true!  
Here's to the letters that come each day,  
Yet always seem too few.  
Here's to Commencement day so bright,  
And the medals that mark success!  
Here's to our school-friends, one and all!  
Here's to the M. B. S.



LITERARY SOCIETY

# The Bluestocking - 1914

## Senior Literary Society

### OFFICERS

Ola Allison	<i>President</i>
Sallie Elaine Deatherage	<i>Vice-President</i>
Fay Mead	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
Margaret Hanna	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
Elizabeth Bell	<i>Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

Liona Allen	Ola Allison
Pauline Anderson	Elizabeth Bell
Dorothy Andrews	Mary Andrews
Marion Armstrong	Antoinette Biggs
Lydia Boardman	Elizabeth Bottom
Minnie Kate Buckelew	Edwina Brotherton
Lucie Bull	Emma Clark
Annie Cobb	Sara Colvig
Dorothy Davis	Sara Davis
Julia Bess Lee	Lillian Eisenberg
Mary Erwin	Maude Gary
Lucille Hall	Margaret Hanna
Sallie Elaine Deatherage	
Vernon Lielider	Cora Lott
Fay Mead	Penelope Moreland
Frances Morgan	Janet Morris
Lily Morris	Lucile Pillsbury
Helen Ridgaway	Annah Ruckman
Todd Saffell	Ellen Scott
Blanche Searcy	Helen Shackelford
Agnes Slemons	Ida Smith
Janette Stowers	Virginia Switzer
Gladys Teague	Winifred Whaley
Margaret Houston	Agnes Woods
Lilly Woods	Iola Wise

# The Bluestocking - 1914

## Junior Literary Society

### OFFICERS

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Mary Ballard	.....Vice-President
Letitia Johnston	.....Recording Secretary
Jimmie Terrell	.....Corresponding Secretary
Laura Davis	.....Treasurer
Mary Anne Riddle	.....Librarian

### MEMBERS

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Louise Amis	Louise Lacy
Kathryn Baldwin	Marie Laurer
Mary Ballard	Margaret Lee
Henrietta Bartlett	Constance Leete
Mary Lou Bell	Elizabeth McDowell
Elizabeth Billingslea	Marion McIlravy
Lucille Brister	Pauline McKenzie
Eloise Burkhead	Elise McLeod
Harriet Clark	Virginia Moore
Catherine Cramer	Nina Neal
Nena Crocker	Clara King Nelson
Aubrey Culberson	Florence Odenbaugh
Anna Cuttino	Dabney Paxton
Laura Connellee	Mary Peabody
Laura Davis	Frances Price
Helen Driscoll	Edith Pitts
Kathleen Elliott	Mary Anne Riddle
Edythe Ellis	Minnie Lee Sharp
Lillia Fox	Lena Bell Smith
Catheryne Felton	Charlotte Spotts
Augusta Glass	Helen Stauffer
Elizabeth Gibbs	Beatrice Suffern
Mary Frances Golden	Jimmie Terrell
Gladys Gover	Marie Watkins
Margaret Hall	Anna Weaver
Marcellus Hallman	Elizabeth Wheeler
Mary Preston Hanger	Harriet Wilson
Annabel Hitchcock	Agnes Wood
Letitia Johnston	Nell Yeager
Mary Lee Jones	

# The Bluestocking - 1914

## Hawthorne Literary Society

### OFFICERS

Undine Hugo	.....	<i>President</i>
Dorothy Booth	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Virginia Galliher	.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Marion Hutcheson	.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Jean Fraser	.....	<i>Chairman of Membership Committee</i>
Cary Moody	.....	<i>Chairman of Committee on Attendance</i>
Caroline Pascual	.....	<i>Chairman of Program Committee</i>

### MEMBERS

Mary Sue Bowman	Virginia Galliher
Mary Boyd	Jessie Gregg
Antoinette Brown	Helen Guiberson
Marjorie Brown	Undine Hugo
Eglantine Beard	Marion Hutcheson
Harriet Bolton	Mary Turpin
Dorothy Booth	Elaine Young
Lillian Canova	Elizabeth Hodge
Cornelia Christian	Angie Young Jackson
Mary Dudley	Katherine Johnson
Winifred Eisenberg	Louise McFarland
Jean Fraser	Cary Moody
	Caroline Pascual







"THE LADIES OF CRANFORD"



# The Bluestocking - 1914



MRS. PILLSBURY

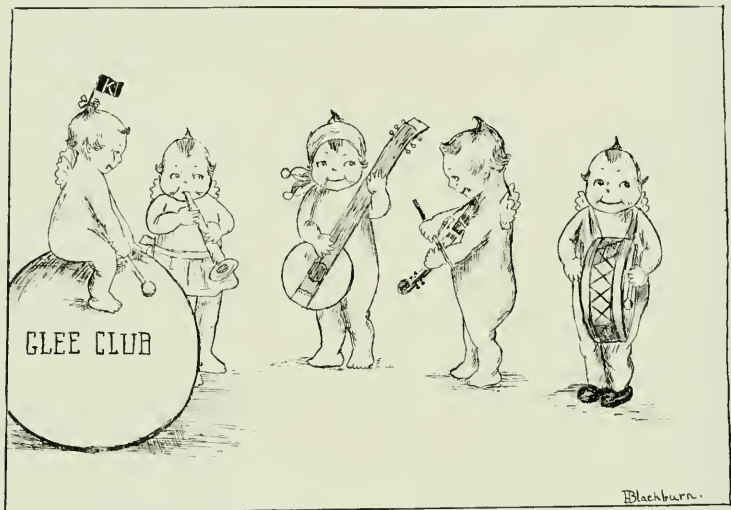
## Dramatic Club

Ola Allison .....	<i>President</i>
Marion Bankhead .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Kathleen Elliott .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Marjorie Brown .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

Marion Bankhead  
 Marjorie Brown  
 Ola Allison  
 Kathleen Elliott  
 Marcellus Hallman  
 Ruth Herron  
 Mary Lee Jones  
 Louise Lacy  
 Annah Ruckman  
 Agnes Slemmons  
 Frances Smith  
 Lena B. Smith  
 Elizabeth Wheeler  
 Harriet Wilson

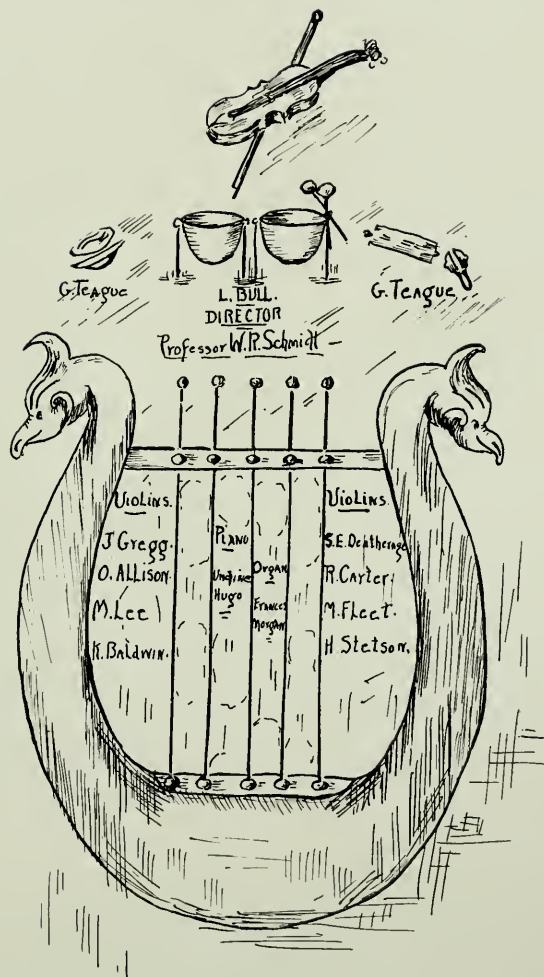
# The Bluestocking - 1914



Miss Margaret Lawson Mulford ..... *Director*  
 Margaret Hanna ..... *Accompanist*

## MEMBERS

Liona Allen	Jessie Adreon
Edwina Brotherton	Lydia Boardman
Henrietta Bartlett	Mary Borden
Sara Colvig	Alma Campbell
Ada Campbell	Cornelia Christian
Katherine Camp	Enna Clark
Annie Cobb	Sara Davis
Sallie Elaine Deatherage	Mary Erwin
Marguerite Fleet	Virginia Galliher
Kathryn Gore	Lunette Harris
Catherine Hamrick	Katherine Harris
Annabel Hitchcock	Katherine Johnson
Letitia Johnston	Irene Laughlin
Julia Bess Lee	Cora Lott
Jean Mathews	Louise McFarland
Pauline McKenzie	Fay Mead
Battie Moody	Virginia Moore
Penelope Moreland	Lily Morris
Miriam Nev	Florence Odenbaugh
Caroline Pascual	Kathleen Pepper
Margaret Prufer	Mary Anne Riddle
Sarah Rivers	Mary Shuster
Janette Stowers	Marion Spinner
Clara Trulock	Agnes Woods
Lucie Woodward	



## The M. B. S. Maiden

Tune: Comin' thro' the Rye

Once a maiden went to college,  
Sweet as sweet could be;  
As she climbed the hill of knowledge,  
Oh, how fair was she!  
Suddenly she met a stranger  
Who, I must confess,  
Quickly quoth, as he espied her,  
"You're from M. B. S."

"Ah, kind sir," she said demurely,  
"Tell me, I implore,  
How you found me out so surely  
When no badge I wore?"  
"Ah, fair one," replied the stranger,  
"Gladly I confess,  
A maid as sweet as you must surely  
Be from M. B. S."

MAUDE WHITESIDE.

THLETICS



# The Bluestocking - 1914

## Tennis Club

### OFFICERS

Florence Odenbaugh ..... *President*  
 Lucie Bull ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

Mary Andrews	Iola Wise	Jessie Adreon	Dorothy Booth
Antoinette Brown	Lucille Brister	Antoinette Biggs	Agnes Wood
Lucie Bull	Gladys Teague	Clara Trotter	Aubrey Culberson
Corinne Craig	Mary Dudley	Ellen Scott	Laura Davis
	Elizabeth Billingslea		
	Sallie Elaine Deatherage		
	Martha Garrett		
	Lucile Heath		
	Louise Hunt		
	Marion Hutcheson		
	Margaret Hall		
	Marjorie Jenkins		
	Margaret Lee		
	Julia Lewis		
	Elise McLeod		
	Fay Mead		
	Marion McIlravy		
	Constance Leete		
	Marion Neal		
	Nina Neal		
	Dabney Paxton		
	Mary Preston		
	Lucile Pillsbury		
	Helen Stauffer		
	Jean Stockton		
	Beatrice Suffern		
	Grace Sorg		
	Margaret St. Clair		
	Nancy Waterman		
	Myra Waterman		
	Margaret Waterman		



# The Bluestocking - 1914



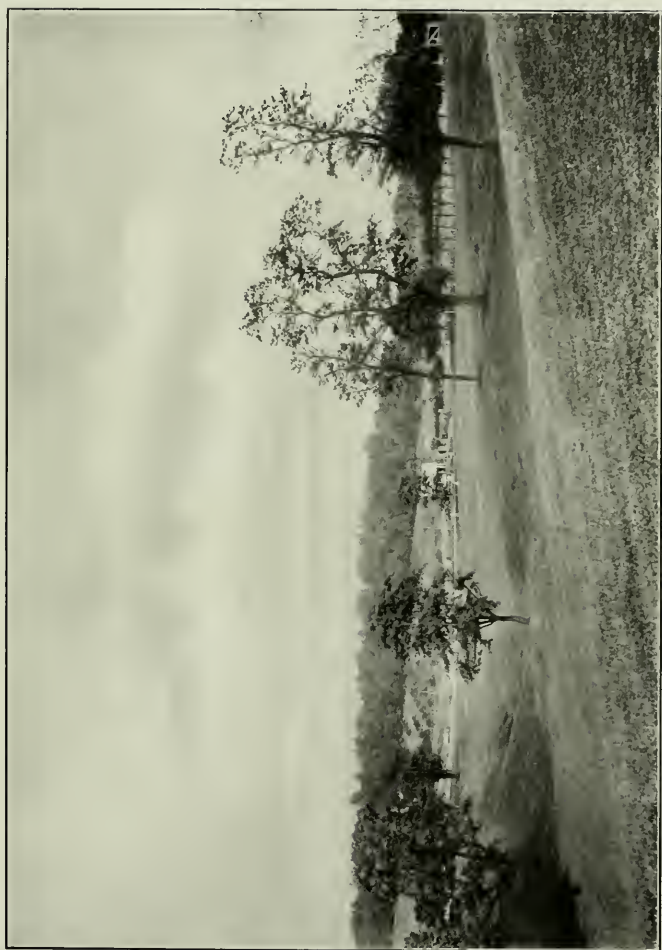
## Golf Club

Miss Mattoon .....	<i>Patron</i>
Margaret Addison .....	<i>President</i>
Antoinette Biggs .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

Margaret Addison	Constance Leete
Frances Allen	Marion McIlravy
Jessie Alexander	Pauline McKenzie
Antoinette Biggs	Lily Morris
Kathryn Baldwin	Nina Neal
Nell Baylor	Caroline Pascual
Sara Colvig	Helen Ridgaway
Annie Cobb	Ellen Simmerman
Harriet Clark	Helen Shackelford
Leta Currie	Agnes Slemmons
Laura Davis	Helen Stauffer
Dorothy Davis	Beatrice Suffern
Jessie Gregg	Clara Trulock
Beatrice Hawley	Alice Vincent
Margaret Hall	Agnes Wood
Lucille Hall	Winifred Wadley
Marcellus Hallman	Margaret Waterman
Annabel Hitchcock	Myra Waterman
Marion Hutcheson	Nancy Waterman
Marjorie Jenkins	Martha Williams
Frances Jupp	Iola Wise
Mary Lyon	Nell Yeager







# CLUBS.



# The Bluestocking - 1914

## Club Index

C. O. D.

Z. T. Z.

K. F. C.

R-E-D-S

X. Y. Z.

K. E. Y.

T. T.

S. L. G.

T. D. S.

D. F. G.

J. U. G. S.



# The Bluestocking - 1914

## C. O. D.

COLOR

Red

FLOWER

Carnation

Lucie Bull ..... *President*

### MEMBERS

Pauline Anderson

Jessie Alexander

Margaret Addison

Henrietta Bartlett

Elizabeth Bottom

Lucie Bull

Maude Gary

Lucille Hall

Mary Lyon

Mary Moore

King Nelson

Mary Preston

Dabney Paxton

Todd Saffell

Blanche Searcy

Margaret St. Clair

Winifred Wadley

Iola Wise



# The Bluestocking - 1914

## Z. T. Z.

### COLOR

Red and Black

### FLOWER

American Beauty

### MOTTO

"Do unto others, for they'd like to do you, but do them first."

### OFFICERS

Agnes Woods	.....	<i>President</i>
Ola Allison	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Edwina Brotherton	.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

Clare Adams	Marjorie Brown
Ola Allison	Cornelia Christian
Dorothy Andrews	Laura Davis
Mary Andrews	Helen Driscoll
Marion Bankhead	Lillia Fox
Antoinette Biggs	Kathryn Gore
Edwina Brotherton	Margaret Hall
Elsie McLeod	
Mildred Wicks	
Agnes Woods	





The Bluestocking - 1914



MOTTO

"Nostra Amicitia Sempiterna."

## MASCOT

## Black Cat

## COLORS

## Green and Black

FLOWER

## Cat-Tails

## OFFICERS

Clare Adams	President
Clara Trotter	Vice-President
Louise Hunt	Secretary and Treasurer

## MEMBERS

Clare Adams  
Katherine Camp  
Estelle Oldham  
Cary Moody  
Anna Belle Stinnette  
Clara Trotter  
Allibel Moore  
Louise Hunt



# The Bluestocking - 1914



MOTTO  
"Red hair till we dye."

PATRON SAINT  
Mr. King

## HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Lyons, Miss Mackenzie

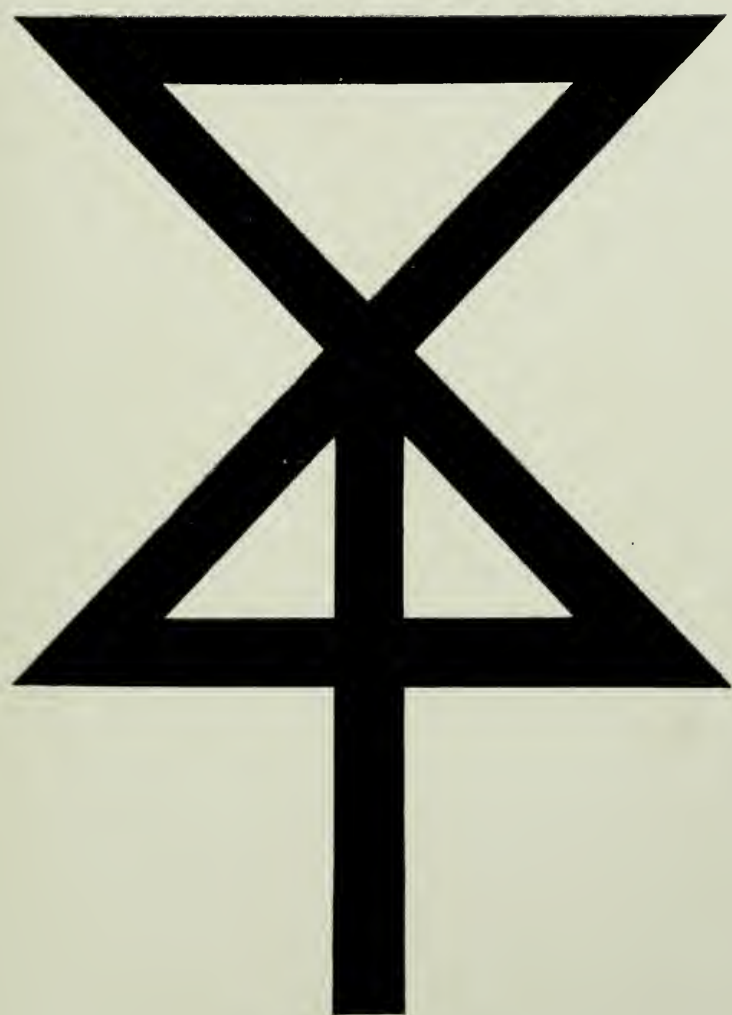
## OFFICERS

Agnes Woods	.....	<i>President</i>
Todd Saffell	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Mary Lyon	.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Emma Clark	.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

## MEMBERS

Elizabeth Billingslea  
Emma Clark  
Leta Currie  
Kathleen Elliott  
Hannah Klotzman  
Undine Hugo

Constance Leete  
Lucile Johnston  
Mary Lyon  
Todd Saffell  
Helen Stetson  
Agnes Woods



# The Bluestocking - 1914



X. D. Z.

## OFFICERS

Ida Smith ..... *President*  
 Margaret St. Clair ..... *Business Manager*

## MEMBERS

Dorothy Andrews  
 Mary Andrews  
 Mary Bland  
 Elizabeth Billingslea  
 Nena Crocker  
 Margaret Hanna  
 Penelope Moreland  
 Anne Riddle  
 Todd Saffell  
 Ellen Scott  
 Ida Smith  
 Margaret St. Clair  
 Margaret Waterman  
 Nancy Waterman



# The Bluestocking - 1914

K. E. D.

## COLORS

Violet and White

## FLOWER

Violet

Margaret Houston ..... *President*

## MOTTO

"The Golden Key Unlocks All Doors."

## MEMBERS

Letitia Johnston

Jimmie Terrell

Marion McIlravy

Annie Cobb

Mary Erwin

Helen Shackelford

Evelyn Hoge

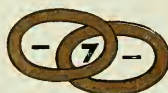
Aubrey Culberson

Margaret Houston





# The Bluestocking - 1914



## MOTTO

"Aut vincere aut mori."

## COLORS

Green and Lavender

## FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

## OFFICERS

Margaret Lee	<i>President</i>
Lucile Heath	<i>Vice-President</i>
Dorothy Booth	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
Jessie Adreon	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

## MEMBERS

Jessie Adreon
Dorothy Booth
Lucille Brister
Lucile Heath
Marion Hutcheson
Margaret Lee
Jean Stockton



# The Bluestocking - 1914



S. L. G.

## MOTTO

"One for all and all for one."

## OFFICERS

Marion Bankhead ..... *President*  
Katherine Taylor ..... *Business Manager*

## MEMBERS

Marion Bankhead	Mary Clay
Mary Dudley	Gladys Humbert
Angie Young Jackson	Battie Moody
Katherine Taylor	



# The Bluestocking - 1914



## MOTTO

"Vivimus inter nos, vivimus pro nobis."

## COLORS

Black and Green

## FLOWER

Violet

## OFFICERS

Gladys Teague	<i>President</i>
Elizabeth Butler	<i>Vice-President</i>
Lily Woods	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
Sallie Elaine Deatherage	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

## MEMBERS

Elizabeth Butler	Virginia Moore
Corinne Craig	Florence Odenbaugh
Sallie Deatherage	Mary Peabody
Elizabeth McDowell	Gladys Teague
Lily Woods	



# The Bluestocking - 1914



COLORS  
Blue and Gold

FLOWER  
Violet

MOTTO  
"Dum vivimus vivamus."

MASCOT  
Peacock

## OFFICERS

Fay Mead ..... *President*  
Frances Morgan ..... *Vice-President*  
Agnes Wood ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

## MEMBERS

Kathryn Baldwin  
Lydia Boardman  
Harriet Clark  
Sara Colvig  
Sara Davis  
Virginia Galliher  
Katherine Harris  
Anita Herron  
Ruth Herron  
Marjorie Jenkins  
Fay Mead  
Frances Morgan  
Nancy Smith  
Anna Weaver  
Agnes Wood





# The Bluestocking - 1914

## J. U. G. S.

### COLORS

Blue and White

### FLOWER

Morning-Glory

### MOTTO

"With an eye to see life's sunniest side."

### OFFICERS

Alice Shackelford ..... *President*  
Miriam Ney ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### HONORARY MEMBERS

Florence Odenbaugh  
Agnes Woods

### MEMBERS

Caroline Bowers	Alberta Lockhart
Jean Bankhead	Miriam Ney
Tallulah Bankhead	Kathleen Pepper
Anna Green	Sara Rivers
Beatrice Hawley	Jean Shuster
Mary Shuster	





# The Bluestocking - 1914

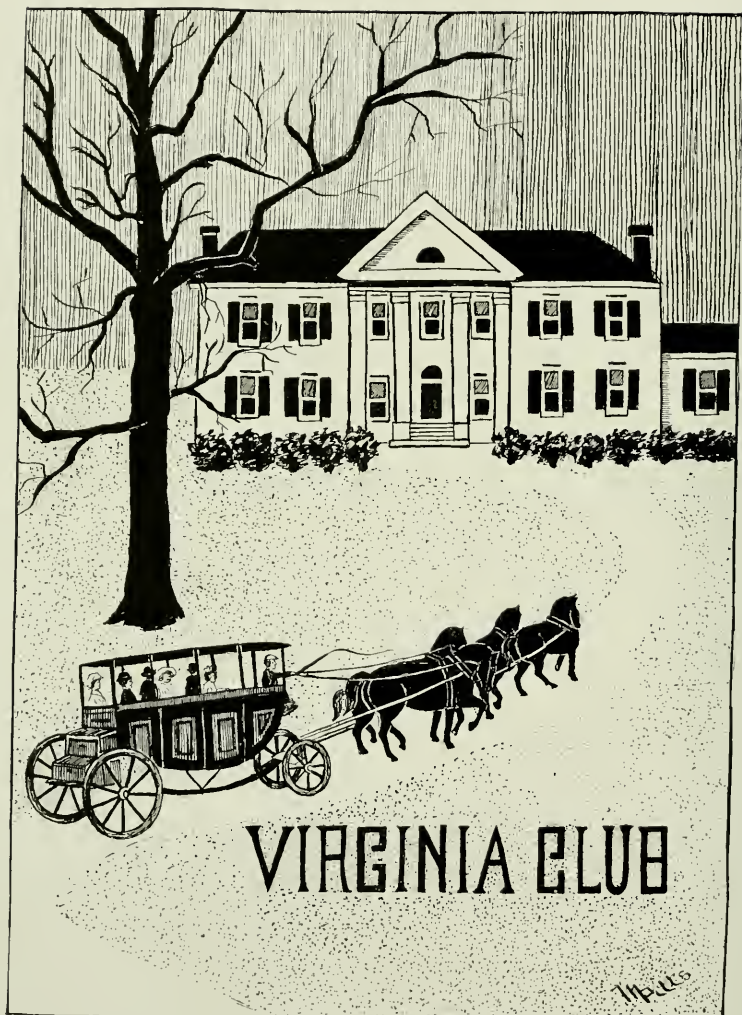
## German Club

Lucie E. Bull ..... *President*  
 Sallie Elaine Deatherage ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

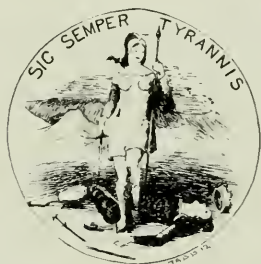
### MEMBERS

Ola Allison  
 Jessie Alexander  
 Margaret Addison  
 Mary Andrews  
 Dorothy Andrews  
 Jessie Adreon  
 Mary Bland  
 Marion Bankhead  
 Henrietta Bartlett  
 Dorothy Booth  
 Elizabeth Butler  
 Lucie Bull  
 Lucille Brister  
 Elizabeth Billingslea  
 Antoinette Biggs  
 Edwina Brotherton  
 Elizabeth Bottom  
 Colegate Bascom  
 Corinne Craig  
 Cornelia Christian  
 Katherine Camp  
 Annie Cobb  
 Mary Clay  
 Nena Crocker  
 Laura Davis  
 Sallie Elaine Deatherage  
 Mary Erwin  
 Lillia Fox  
 Maude Gary  
 Martha Garrett  
 Augusta Glass  
 Kathryn Gore  
 Lucile Heath  
 Louise Hunt  
 Margaret Hanna  
 Margaret Houston  
 Margaret Hall  
 Marion Hutcheson  
 Lucille Hall  
 Virginia Haugh  
 Evelyn Hoge

Gladys Humbert  
 Letitia Johnston  
 Angie Young Jackson  
 Margaret Lee  
 Julia Lewis  
 Mary Lyon  
 Irene Laughlin  
 Constance Leete  
 Elise McLeod  
 Penelope Moreland  
 Marion McIlravy  
 Elizabeth McDowell  
 Allibel Moore  
 Virginia Moore  
 King Nelson  
 Florence Odenbaugh  
 Mary Preston  
 Dabney Paxton  
 Lucile Pillsbury  
 Mary Peabody  
 Anne Riddle  
 Todd Saffell  
 Margaret St. Clair  
 Blanche Searcy  
 Helen Shackelford  
 Beatrice Suffern  
 Grace Sorg  
 Jean Stockton  
 Anna Belle Stinnette  
 Gladys Teague  
 Clara Trotter  
 Jimmie Terrell  
 Katherine Taylor  
 Winifred Wadley  
 Margaret Waterman  
 Myra Waterman  
 Nancy Waterman  
 Mildred Wicks  
 Iola Wise  
 Lily Woods



# The Bluestocking - 1914



## Virginia Club

### MOTTO

"Sic Semper Tyrannis."

### COLORS

Orange and Blue

Virginia Moore	<i>President</i>
Pauline Anderson	<i>Vice-President</i>
Augusta Glass	<i>Secretary</i>
Nena Crocker	<i>Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS IN FACULTY

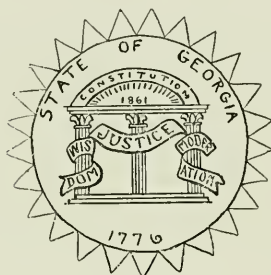
Miss Weimar	Miss McFarland	Miss M. Riddle
Miss Garrett	Miss Lyons	Miss Strickler
Miss Higgins	Miss A. Riddle	Miss Shawen
Miss Meetze	Miss J. Riddle	Miss Smithy
Miss Streit	Miss Williamson	

### ACTIVE MEMBERS

Frances Allen	Laura Davis	Edith Pitts
Luise Amis	Augusta Glass	Miriam Pitts
Pauline Anderson	Lunette Harris	Mary Preston
Mary Ballard	Julia Lewis	Mary Anne Riddle
Nell Baylor	Jean Mathews	Ellen Scott
Eglantine Beard	Mildred Miller	Ellen Simmerman
Ada Campbell	Mary Moore	Grace Sorg
Alma Campbell	Virginia Moore	Marion Spinner
Cornelia Christian	Lily Morris	Margaret St. Clair
Mary Clay	Miriam Ney	Stella Thompson
Nena Crocker	Dahney Paxton	Mary Turpin
Elsie Curtis	Kathleen Pepper	Marie Watkins



# The Bluestocking - 1914



## Georgia Club

Maude Gary .....	<i>President</i>
Winifred Wadley .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Mary Bland .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

Margaret Addison .....	Augusta
Jessie Alexander .....	Augusta
Mary Bland .....	Augusta
Maude Gary .....	Augusta
Marcellus Hallman .....	Atlanta
Virginia Haugh .....	Atlanta
Mary Lee Jones .....	Statesboro
Julia Bess Lee .....	Statesboro
Mary Lyon .....	Augusta
Kathleen McCroan .....	Statesboro
Marian Neal .....	Atlanta
Nina Neal .....	Atlanta
Lena Belle Smith .....	Statesboro
Gladys Teague .....	Augusta
Winifred Wadley .....	Macon
Iola Wise .....	Macon



The Bluestocking - 1914



Maryland Club

FLOWER

Black-eyed Susan

COLORS

Black and Yellow

OFFICERS

Helen Ridgaway .....*President*

Jessie Adreon .....*Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Jessie Adreon

Antoinette Biggs

Elizabeth Billingslea

Catherine Cramer

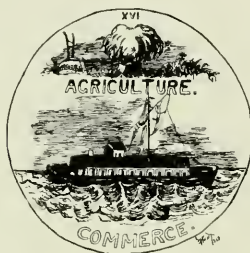
Helen Ridgaway

Helen Stauffer

Elizabeth Wheeler

Martha Williams

# The Bluestocking - 1914



## Tennessee Club

### COLORS

Gold and White

### FLOWER

Daisy

### OFFICERS

Louise Hunt ..... *President*

Katherine Taylor ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

Marion Armstrong ..... Rogersville

Marjorie Brown ..... Nashville

Mary Clay ..... Rogersville

Corinne Craig ..... Chattanooga

Katherine Harris ..... Waverly

Louise Hunt ..... Chattanooga

Elsie Kenner ..... Rogersville

Elizabeth McDowell ..... Memphis

Katherine Taylor ..... Morristown

Clara Trotter ..... Chattanooga

Marion White ..... Memphis

The Bluestocking - 1914



West Virginia Club

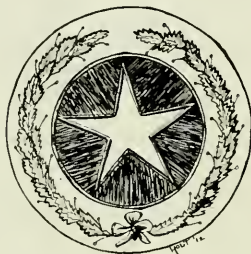
OFFICERS

Ida Smith ..... *President*  
Margaret Lee ..... *Secretary*  
Lucille Hall ..... *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Mary Boyd	Frances McMechen
Sara Colvig	Eliza Perry
Emma Clark	Marie Phillips
Mary Dudley	Nan Smith
Kathleen Elliott	Ida Smith
Mary Frances Golden	Ruby Stephenson
Lucille Hall	Agnes Wood
Katherine Johnson	Nell Yeager
Margaret Lee	Helen Zink

# The Bluestocking - 1914



## Texas Club

### COLORS

Black and Gold

### FLOWER

Sun-Flower

### OFFICERS

Margaret Hanna .....	<i>President</i>
Penelope Moreland .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Katherine Camp .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

Margaret Hanna .....	Galveston
Battie Moody .....	Galveston
Aubrey Culberson .....	Houston
Penelope Moreland .....	Fort Worth
Katherine Camp .....	Fort Worth
Anna Belle Stinnette .....	Fort Worth
Minnie Lee Sharp .....	Houston
Sara Davis .....	Gainesville
Winifred Whaley .....	Gainesville
Hildegard Wangemann .....	Dallas
Irene Laughlin .....	El Paso
Fay Mead .....	Elvira
Undine Hugo .....	San Antonio
Allibel Moore .....	San Antonio

# The Bluestocking - 1914



## Pennsylvania Club

COLORS  
Red and Blue

FLOWER  
Red Rose

### OFFICERS

Lucie E. Bull ..... *President*  
 Gladys Humbert ..... *Vice-President*  
 Antoinette Brown ..... *Treasurer*  
 Elisabeth Hodge ..... *Secretary*

### MEMBERS

Antoinette Brown	Gladys Humbert
Lucie E. Bull	Elisabeth Hodge
Anna Green	Caroline Mosher

Mary E. Shuster

# The Bluestocking - 1914



## New England Club

### FLOWER

Mountain Laurel

### COLORS

Pink and White

### OFFICERS

Margaret Hall ..... *President*  
 Lydia Boardman ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Barbour ..... Connecticut  
 Miss Morse ..... Massachusetts  
 Mrs. Pillsbury ..... Massachusetts  
 Miss Wyman ..... New Hampshire

### MEMBERS

Lydia Boardman ..... Connecticut  
 Harriet Bolton ..... Massachusetts  
 Dorothy Davis ..... Massachusetts  
 Margaret Hall ..... Maine  
 Marjorie Jenkins ..... Connecticut  
 Margaret Waterman ..... Connecticut  
 Myra Waterman ..... Connecticut  
 Nancy Waterman ..... Connecticut

## The Bluestocking - 1914

AGNES L. WOODS



IT won't take long, even if the red glow from her hair is lacking, to recognize behind this fort of knowledge, "talkative China." Her five years at M. B. S. have forever forbidden a dead silence within its walls! She is one of the few born leaders, who leads others, while she herself looks on and sees that things are being done—in other words, does nothing!

VERNON LICLIDER



THIS is Vernon, another of the seven regular graduates. To look at her now, you would not think that she was a perfect dormouse, but in truth she is—four days out of every five she comes to school, "Oh! so sleepy!" and she looks it, too. And yet to contradict this sleepiness she is constantly wriggling, especially when she feels the dreadful fire of quizzing nearing her turn. The agonized expression on her face would be ludicrous, if it were not so pathetic. But don't waste your sympathy, for she will surprise you by her answers. That brain of hers makes up for all such things. Those of us who have known her will surely never forget her.

LILLIAN EISENBERG



THOSE black, snappy eyes that close tight shut when she is laughing, are so familiar. She seems one big funny-bone; for almost any remark will bring forth mirth. Her one ambition, to be tall, will probably never be realized. We are sure she would succeed if it were not for mathematics!

## The Bluestocking - 1914

LILY WOODS



“HELLO, da-a-rlin,” this from “Underwood,” as she looks up from a stack of books, histories, especially Junior! We safely leave the wit of the school in her hands; for she freely sprinkles every sentence with clever puns,—all this with a never-ending grin. From all reports, this never-to-be-forgotten grin is to be wasted upon the “Chinks!”

JANET MORRIS



HERE is a chronic grumbler, for one hears continually, “This is *so* hard,” and “I can’t do this,” and “I never *will* do that,” etc.—yet when the time arrives for actual recitation she is the very first to “offer a suggestion,” which, strange to say, happens to be the right thing. There must be a trace of Irish blood in the family, for Janet shows it in her temperament—one day so cheerful, the next so “blue”—we think a little more self-reliance would not harm her, but in spite of these few failings, we all love her and envy her unusual share of brilliancy.

ESTELLE McCUTCHEON



ESTELLE, “la petite enfante” of our class, proves conclusively that small people do not always have small brains, for it is almost impossible to count the number of hundreds she has received. Her chief fault is said to be blushing, but it’s so becoming that it can hardly be called a fault. Contrary to the usual tastes of girls, science is her hobby. Her spare moments are occupied in caring for the large family of cats, the darlings of her heart. Indeed, one need only hint her fondness for the feline tribe, and she is once and forever a friend of Estelle’s.



## The Bluestocking - 1914

ELIZABETH BELL



HERE is '14's Class Historian, but—where is her history-note-book? Her dignified manner and her fine scholarship afford much honor to her class. She has worked hard for the reputation of M. B. S., but we fear for the state of her mind, because she is always complaining of being a “nervous wreck.”

LUCIE BULL



“HAF you seen Bully?” Well, here she is, though we can hardly recognize in this athletic star our invalid. Poor thing, how our sympathies are aroused over her many ailments, and let us tell you, on the side, her imagination is becoming painful. During her four long years at M. B. S. she has always been a great leader, and we suppose that now her school days are over, she will still lead a good “Deal.”

LYDIA BOARDMAN



IF equal credit be given for the “willing” as for the “doing,” Lydia should have the prize. Each evening with great earnestness she vows to rise early the next morning, but always with the result of slipping into the dining room just before the final bell. “E-gad! there’s that old telephone!” If Lydia had been consulted, we fear they would never have been put in. Her deep sighs rouse our fullest sympathies. But when these are expressed in her music, we all are silent and satisfied.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

EMMA CLARK



**P**OOR Emma! Have you noticed how very delicate she looks this year? Alas! for her health we are greatly distressed! She has no appetite and is really becoming so emaciated it grieves us to look at her. We can not decide the cause of this deplorable condition, unless—she is in love! It is certainly not caused from hard study nor from much practice, for the meaning of these words is absolutely unknown to her, and yet she always has an answer in class and at recitals her fingers fairly fly over the keys.

FAY MEAD



**S**PEAKING of characteristics. Oh yes, Fay has a mild disposition. All you have to do is to mention flirting and note the lamb-like way in which she takes it. Of course, room-mates can't always live in tranquillity, but hair-pulling is an unusual way of showing sisterly affection. But from all we hear she hasn't the only claim to a disposition of this kind, as one of her best friends is even known by the name of "Cross." But not a trace of this can be felt when we hear her play the piano, for we are glad just to sit and listen.

MARGARET HANNA



**"M**UGS," so called from her propensity for making faces, hails from the little town of Galveston, Texas. We see no reason why "Mugs" should not have a light touch on the piano, for she is in such good practice from lassoing cows "the summer I was out in west Texas." As she beats her retreat, should we "Warn-her?"

## The Bluestocking - 1914

JULIA BESS LEE



"FOR crap's sake" let Bess have her way, and judge her not too harshly when she says that she comes from God's country. It is the way of all Georgia crackers, so agree with her for the sake of "Harmony."

FRANCES MORGAN



"IT pleases me to extinction," is heard so often from Frances, that we do not wonder that she is not "big." They say her recitations are "extemporaneous, premeditated conglomerations!" We'll take their word for it and Frances' too when we are greeted with such words! Frances' musical ability is not only at the tips of her fingers, but she treads it out

also, to judge by her organ recital.

TODD SAFFELL



YES, this is our Kentucky Toddy, finest brand there is. Some people say that her hair is red, but we prefer to speak of it as "burnished gold." She's always on the look-out for the Western mail, and when it comes she never lets any of us look in. She has worked so diligently on her music that if "practice makes perfect," she is a model girl. Not only can she handle piano keys, but also the keys of many people's hearts.

UNDINE HUGO



IT is a constant marvel to us that those little fingers can bring such sounds out of the piano. We are all breathless and silent when "Phugo" is playing her fugue! Although the Texas sun has almost bleached the red from her hair, she manages somehow to get in on the "red-head" picnic.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

SARA COLVIG



IF bread and milk has anything to do with singing, we can account for Sadie's vocal ability. It may also account for her decrease in weight, which is equally remarkable. She has a bright, sunny smile that helps a lot.

PENELOPE MORELAND



“PULL,” the “cowgirl,” from the Lone Star State, is just about all we could wish her to be. She has always been a joy to her teachers, on account of her respectful attitude and her promptness to her classes, and especially to chapel exercises (?). She is so powerful with music that she even makes “Chopin turn over in his grave,” and almost drives us from school with her constant singing. M. B. S. will miss old Penelope, for she holds no small (?) place in all our hearts.

ANNAH RUCKMAN



ANNAH'S worst fault is that she is so good that she can't be any better. She is constantly afraid that she will offend somebody (as if that were possible). She hasn't but one hobby that we can find, and that is Miss Hamlin. Somebody has said that AnnaH will not be perfect until she has fallen in love. There are few rumors as yet, but “still water runs deep,” and we are all afraid that “Selma” will not be the “old-maid's hall” that she has promised us. The moral quality she strove to cultivate last year in Psychology was love for everybody. We think she has attained this high ideal and we are sure that she has succeeded in making everybody love her.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

OLA ALLISON



WE hear "Oi," "Good-boye," and all the queer forms of the South Carolinian brogue so often that the whole of M. B. S. will soon become loyal supporters with her of the "Choi Phoi," and other Southern institutions. Her time is so filled with studies and recitals that she has no time, we hear, to clean up her room, but leaves it to the tender mercies of a long-suffering room-mate. But notwithstanding this, we feel that the time is well spent when we hear her with her violin.

MARGARET HOUSTON



YES, Margaret has a terrible disposition—her room-mates can testify to this statement—why, do you know every morning, when the mail-carrier informs her that she has no mail (male), no fraternity pins, or candy, she flies into a rage? Not that she ever get's any, anyway. Artistic? Horrors, no—How could one be artistic when she has a good friend by the name of Eichelberger? She is like Diana, in that she is always interested in the "Hunter."

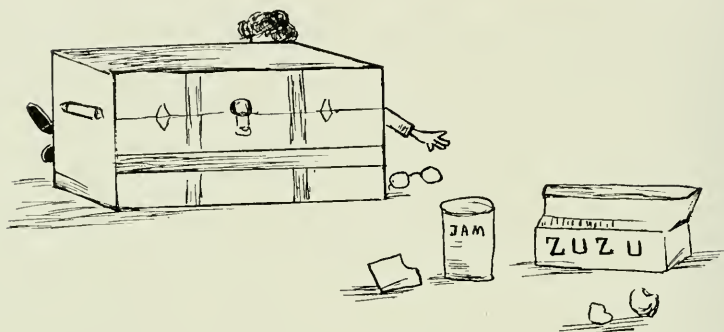
MINNIE KATE BUCKELEW



WITH a bit of paint and a brush, "Dago" is most at home in Miss Meetze's studio. She answers to any name but Minnie, and should you be the thoughtless one to call her that, such a display of wrath as you have never witnessed before would be vented upon you! Although she came "a right smart piece" to honor the class with her presence, she has certainly proved it worth while.







PA.

## A Mid-night Feast



HERE goes that bloomin' telephone again. I do wish the old things had never been put in. They are more trouble than they're worth, especially when you room near them. Ag, please you go this time—I just have to finish this scallop"—this from a bright-eyed girl sitting "tailor-fashion" upon the bed, sewing as if her life depended on it.

"Well! what do you think that was?" was the remark Agnes made upon returning five minutes later. "It was Miss Weimar, and she wanted Miss Riddle and Miss McFarland to come to the office right away. I wonder what the excitement can be? Now, while you girls are here, let's make out our list for the 'cats.' I think it will be the jolliest thing for about twenty of us to have a feast in the attic of McClung on Hallowe'en night."

"Great! Sure thing—I'm in for anything," and such remarks greeted Ag's suggestion. Anything that she said "went"!

"Let's have lots of Cailler's," said Todd, for she did have a special failing for Cailler's.

They succeeded in making out a nice long list, after much



## The Bluestocking - 1914

arguing, and it was agreed that Sallie and Teague were to hunt up Mary Sue and slyly give her the list with the money. On the way down-stairs they met Miss Higgins and Miss Lyons whispering and looking very worried about something.

\* \* \* \* \*

Down in Miss Weimar's office the teachers were arriving two by two, and after they had all assembled, the silence was broken by Miss Weimar.

"Ladies, I have a plan to suggest to you all. The girls have been having such a good time with their feasts that I think it our turn now. You know that Hallowe'en is tomorrow night, and what do you say to our having a little mid-night feast in the attic of McClung?" This proposal brought much applause. Miss Strickler arose and vehemently seconded the motion. A meek little voice belonging to Miss Streit, who was over in the corner, made a suggestion.

"I think it would be a good idea to dress in sheets and pillow-cases, so if any one should see us, it would not be so easy to tell who we were." Of course, this met with greatest approval.

Then they proceeded to make out the list for Mary Sue—pickles, cheese, peanut-butter, crackers, and a number of other things which aid digestion when eaten at mid-night. It was decided that they would meet in McClung attic at quarter to twelve on the next night. With that all, having sworn secrecy, departed grinning from ear to ear.

The usual round of duties was taken up the next day, just as if nothing but studying all the time had ever happened or ever would happen. After supper that night groups of excited teachers and pupils, all talking mysteriously in an undertone, were gathered around the buildings. Study-hall, room-bell and light-bell—and all was quiet for a while.

"Margaret, are you asleep? I'm so excited, I can't sleep to save my life. What time is it now? Do you think we'll get caught?" Poor little Mary Preston had to get up and look at the

## The Bluestocking - 1914

clock. To her disgust it was only ten-thirty, so she crawled back in bed to wait for twelve.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a quarter to twelve when very stealthily a figure clad in white crept from the covered-way by Hill-top. Under her arm she had a bundle. From Main Building came a large, white figure, also carrying a bundle. At the foot of the stairs she met a tall, thin ghost who giggled and said "Sh." One by one the ghosts made their way to the attic.

"Who has the matches? And where are those candles I told you to get, Sadie? I believe you forgot them"—this from the ghost who seemed to be managing things. The candles were produced and lighted. Very silently the packages were unwrapped, and the contents placed on the trunks.

"I am about to smother in this pillow-case. Let's take them off. I never would be able to eat a mouthful with this on.

"Sister Martha, suppose some one should come up here. What would you do?"

After a discussion, the pillow-cases were removed from the heads of the wicked feasters, and they started eating just as the clock struck twelve.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sh, don't scream. It's only Peabody. Let me in your window, Marjorie. Where are we going to meet? In Mary Clay's room? Oh, I'm stuck. For goodness sake, pull me through. Thanks. I don't know why Mademoiselle didn't hear me, for I made all sorts of racket getting out of Hill-Top."

Doors began to creak, and instead of only two girls coming from each door, there were three or four, all on tip-toe, with many "sh's" and giggles.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the attic, joy reigned supreme—Miss Jennie Riddle had a huge dill pickle in one hand and a cheese-sandwich in the other. Miss Martha Riddle was seated on a trunk, swinging her feet and

## The Bluestocking - 1914

drinking ginger-ale from a large bottle which she passed to Mademoiselle, who helped herself freely and passed it on. And they all were "putting things away" as fast as possible.

"Sh, what was that noise?" asked one of the feasters. "I think I heard some foot-steps on the stairs. Maybe I was mistaken, but I thought I surely heard somebody"—

Yes, she surely did, and so did all the rest of the ghosts when they stopped eating and talking long enough to listen.

"Put out the candles!" Here, put something over the "eats!" "Hide behind a trunk or something, quick!" "Somebody is coming up those steps!" "Oh, I know we are caught! Why did I ever come up here?" These were the excited exclamations of a nervous lot of would-be ghosts.

Slowly, but surely, up the very same steps, which had been tread by the faculty a few minutes before, came in line of girls, at the head of which was its usual leader, Ag.

"Hush, what was that noise? Oh, Margaret, I'm so scared. Please, let's go back and get in bed. Mary Preston was all aquiver.

"No, there's no turning back now. We must keep on. Nothing's goin' to get you" was Margaret's comforting remark. They proceeded up the steps,—shoes in hand.

Heine suggested a tour of investigation before they spread out their gorgeous feast. Margaret with her pocket search-light came to the rescue.

"Look! What's this? A cracker. I wonder who dropped it?"

"I'll bet some one else is up here for a feast—Sh!"

All of this time crowded in corners and behind trunks was the frightened faculty. Some of them, however, had great difficulty in concealing themselves.

What a wonderful thing a pocket search-light is, and yet what a terrible thing! With its light on a trunk, to their surprise what should the bewildered girls see but bottles, jars, pickles, candy, and all such things, and crouched down behind the very same trunk was Miss Mattoon—of all people—Miss Mattoon—hiding behind a trunk in the attic of McClung at such an hour!

## The Bluestocking - 1914

"Surely there must be others here, so let's look," said Emma. Grace, who had just come up the steps, "better late than never," wanted to know what the excitement was.

Miss Garrett was found hiding behind the chimney. Miss Smithy had tried to get behind a trunk, but her head refused to meet her knees and, of course, she was soon found. Miss Hurlburt, Miss Mulford, Miss Wyman, Miss McKenzie—one by one were discovered by the miserable light.

What a scene that was! Miss Barbour, unwilling to part with a pickle she had taken only one bite from, was still clinging to it. Miss Morse and Mrs. Pillsbury each had a hand full. Miss Williamson had an apple peel which she was just getting ready to throw over her shoulder to find her fate. From a far off corner Miss Weimar crept out.

"Well, girls, I guess you have caught us this time. We had hoped to fool you, but we have failed completely."

Mademoiselle spoke up—"I hate to see these lovely things go for naught. Let's all have a feast together."

"Splendid idea, Mademoiselle, you have a head on you worth having," said Miss Shawen.

We all took our seats on the floor while Miss Weimar and several other "ladies" passed us some of their cherished "eats"—One o'clock struck, and it seemed to strike so long, I didn't understand it. Just then Anne called: "Bully, that was the breakfast bell! Hurry, or we'll never get there." To my disgust it was so, and instead of sitting down to a mid-night feast in the attic of McClung and being served by the faculty, I had to go to the dining-room and be content with liver, bacon, rolls and syrup.



## The Bluestocking - 1914

### Conundrums

Why must the Baldwin girls set a good example?  
Because the S. M. A. boys are apt to follow them.

What girls are most apt to give tone to M. B. S.?  
The Bells.

How many Baldwin girls would it take to reach from Staunton  
to Charlottesville?

About forty: because a miss is as good as a mile.

How high ought the Stetsons to wear their dresses?  
A little higher than two feet.

Why has Lily decided to go to China?  
Because she can get a husband from Pekin (picking) to  
Chusan (choosing).

When is Edwina not a girl?  
When she is a dear.

Why are the beaux of M. B. S. like deaf people?  
Because you can't make them here (hear).)

What is all the rage at M. B. S.?  
Sallie Death-e-rage.

Why must the uniform be frequently replaced?  
Because it is so often worn out.

Why are Miss Meetze's art pupils like washer-women?  
Because they re not satisfied until their works are "hung on  
a line."

Why are Baldwin girls bad grammarians?  
Because very few of them are able to decline matrimony.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

Why are M. B. S. girls like little French watches?  
Because they are somewhat difficult to regulate when once set  
going.

What is the difference between Peabody and a mirror?  
One speaks without reflecting, the other reflects without  
speaking.

Why is Blanche the most entertaining of all companions?  
Because she is always a-Musing!

To what age do M. B. S. girls desire to attain?  
Marri-age.

## M. B. S. Girls Wish to Know the Secret of Success

- "Lose no time," said the clock.  
"Aspire to grater things," said the nutmeg.  
"Make light of everything," said the fire.  
"Make much of small things," said the microscope.  
"Never do anything off-hand," said the glove.  
"Spend much time in reflection," said the mirror.  
"Do the work you are sooted for," said the flue.  
"Get a good pull with the string," said the door-bell.  
"Be sharp in your dealings," said the knife.  
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.  
"Trust to your stars for success," said the night.  
"Be careful not to get broke," said the glass.  
"Use your eyes," said the hook.  
"Never be shady," said the curtain.  
"Hang on to a good thing," said the line.  
"Never lose hold," said the wrench.  
"Push," said the button.  
"Take pains," said the window.  
"Never be led," said the pencil.  
"Be up to date," said the calendar.  
"Always keep cool," said the ice.  
"Never lose your head," said the pin.  
"Do a driving business," said the hammer.  
"Always be open," said the door.  
"And strive to make a good impression," said the seal.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

### Baldwin's Favorite Maxims

- "Smile and be happy."—Jessie?  
"Early to bed, early to rise,  
"Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."—Blanche Searcy.  
"All work and no play makes Heine a dull girl."  
"Better late than never."—Grace Sorg.  
"A gift is always acceptable."—Y. W. C. A.  
"Appearances are deceitful."—A Few.  
"Silence is golden."—Agnes Woods.  
"One must suit one's self to the dances of the time."—Miss Weimar.  
"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."—Molly and Mary Sue with canned meats.  
"Much 'ado about nothing."—Mail-call.  
"Every man for his own trade."—Faculty.  
"Hasten slowly."—Margaret St. Clair.  
"No rule without exception."—? ? ?  
"They agree like cats and dogs."—Jean and Tally.  
"She's worth her weight in gold."—Peabody.  
"The remedy is worse than the disease."—Infirmary.  
"Never judge by appearances."—Sentimental Maude.  
"When the cat's away, the mice will play."—Library in Miss Streit's absence.  
"Sleeping is as good as eating."—Mary Preston.  
"Birds of a feather flock together."—Office.  
"Ailing folks live the longest."—Mary Louise Grove.  
"A word to the wise is sufficient."—Mary Andrews?  
"All is not gold that glitters."—Club-pins.



## The Bluestocking - 1914

### I'm the Guy

The other day I took Emma down town and "blew her in" to the theatre, a big box of candy, and a nice little supper after it. Did we have a good time? Well, I guess. I'm the guy that put the *lark* in Clark.

That tall girl over there bought some things from me and never did pay me for them. I decided to let her know that I expected something in return for them, so sent her a small statement of the amount due. Yes, I'm the guy that put the *bill* in Billingslea.

I had a little afternoon party to which I invited several of my friends. I served tea and crackers. One of my friends helped herself rather bountifully, to say the least. I'm the guy who put the *tea* in Teague.

Todd was running along as if she were trying to catch a train. I stuck my foot out and tripped her. Yes, I'm the guy who put the *fell* in Saffell.

I hid behind the door just as Dotty was coming down the hall. I jumped at her and almost scared her to death. I'm the guy that put the *boo* in Booth.

As "Chubby" was crossing our field, I turned our old goat loose. He made a "bee line" for her. I'm the guy that put the *but(t)* in Butler.

I went down town with Lunette one day to the hair-dresser and bought her a switch. I'm the guy that put the *ha(i)r* in Harris.

I set a fire cracker off behind Undine the other day. You should have seen her run. I'm the guy that put the *go* in Hugo.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

I took Nancy over to the water cooler and gave her several cups of the delightful beverage. I'm the guy that put the *water* in Waterman.

I stabbed Sallie Elaine in the heart the other day. I'm the guy that put the *death* in Deatherage.

I gave Agnes some real sour lemonade. I'm the guy that put the *lemon* in Slemmons.

I put a gash in Anna's hand one day. I'm the guy that put the *cut* in Cuttino.

I carefully put a pin in Mary's chair. Of course, she sat on it. I'm the guy that put the *pin* in Turpin.

I told Irene a funny joke. She was very much amused. I'm the guy that put the *laugh* in Laughlin.

I gave Helen a hot dish to hold. She burnt her fingers badly. Yes, I'm the guy that put the *burn* in Blackburn.

I got some "beauty spots" and fixed Charlotte up beautifully. I'm the guy that put the *spot* in Spotts.

I put a tack in Frances' chair. She naturally arose very rapidly. I'm the guy that put the *up* in Jupp.

I hit Winifred in the eye with a paper wad. I'm the guy that put the *wad* in Wadley.

I taught Clara to do some of the new dances. I'm the guy that put the *trot* in Trotter.

I gave Mary some lard instead of butter for her bread. I'm the guy that put the *lard* in Ballard.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

Kathleen did not seem to take any interest in what was going on. I stirred her up the best I could. I'm the guy that put the *pep* in Pepper.

"Boy" and I had a fight. I came out ahead. I'm the guy that put the *eye* (*I*) in Ida.

I told Luise the wrong History lesson. Of course, she flunked. I'm the guy that put the *mis*(*s*) in Amis.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

### What the Seniors Stand for

Seniors are we,  
even times three;  
shall not we say  
overeigns are we?

Every one knows  
each of us shows  
endless ambition  
enriched by purpose.

No one need hiss,  
no knowledge we miss!  
no, our reply  
need but be this:

“Tgnorant mortal,  
improve thy demeanor;  
imitate my wisdom—  
I am a Senior.”

Oh, to be thus!  
obligations and muss,  
outrageous excitement,  
ovation and fuss.

Radiant gush,  
reciprocal slush,  
rehearsals, recitals,  
regalia and rush.

Seniors are we  
even times three;  
shall not we say  
overeigns are we?

# The Bluestocking - 1914

## M. B. S. Advertisements

LOST!—A Heart, somewhere in Memorial. Will person who has secured it, please return it to owner.  
KATHLEEN PEPPER.

LOST!—An unusually well-developed Brain and Devotion to study! Finder will receive reward.  
IRENE LAUGHLIN.

WANTED!—A "case" to keep "Mugs" in.  
NENA CROCKER.

WANTED!—A pair of shoes!  
AUGUSTA GLASS.

WANTED!—Position as assistant Instructor in Chemistry. Good reference.  
ELIZABETH BUTLER.

WANTED!—A skilful Stenographer to manage private correspondence. Applicant must be willing to devote entire time. References required.  
E. BROTHERTON.

WANTED!—A patent muffler for all voices in Library!  
MISS STREIT.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY. — Send me two cents in stamps and I will mail you my little booklet containing the addresses of all marriageable people belonging to this agency.  
Box 6, O. ALLISON.

I WISH to thank all students in Study Hall for their good behavior during this last year.  
MISS LYONS.

TO THE PUBLIC!—I wish to announce myself as a Candidate for any or all offices next year.  
MISS G. TEAGUE.

FOR THIS COUPON and 10 cents I will send a paper which points out the difference between Dorothy and Me!  
M. ANDREWS.

*Please send to .....  
this paper. Enclosed find .....  
.....*

NO GIRL should be without our excellent little booklet. "The Improved Baldwins." Write to-day.  
AUGUSTA CORPORATION.

TO LET!—Seats at French table. Applicants must be able to speak English fluently!  
MADEMOISELLE.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE!—For the small remittance of 10 cents I will send by return mail instructions how to Scramble like an Egg!  
HILDEGARDE WANGEMANN.

PHYSICAL CULTURE!—Mrs. Pillsbury guarantees to teach anyone to develop like a film.

## The Bluestocking - 1914

### Latest Baldwin Books

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#### "1914 JOKE BOOK"

By ANNE RIDDLE

Contains all the favorite jokes, conundrums and stories of this comedienne. Positively her best work.

\$0.08

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#### "ATHLETICS"

By M. GARY

Because of her desire to be in all athletic contests, the author has not found time until now to write out an account of her many adventures and achievements. Delightful reading.

\$4.00 in Calif.

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#### "THE BOY"

By I. SMITH

The subject is taken up very fully and will be most interesting to all young ladies.

\$0.39

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#### "SECRETS"

By Y. W. C. A. WORKERS

Should be secured by all lovers of fun; for it contains a description of all parties and socials managed by the authors.

\$8.00

#### "BREAKING INTO SOCIETY"

By E. BILLINGSLEA

Very thrilling.

\$1.25

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#### "USEFUL INFORMATION"

By M. BALLARD

Contains a great variety of topics. Two chapters on "How to Fool the Teachers," also a long article on "Having a Good Time."

\$0.75

## The Bluestocking - 1914

### Facts and Fiction

Student in Miss M. Riddle's history class: "Voltaire is located in the southern part of France. With about 5,000 inhabitants."

B. S. in English Exam: "Carlyle's style is to Ruskin's as the children of Miss Nannie's room are to the Senior English class."

(G. G., making faces), P. McKenzie: "Oh, those look like glass eyes!"

Ruby Stephenson: "I didn't miss a thing in my examination—except of course, a few questions."

E. B.: "Look at "Mugs" standing on a horizontal bar!"  
Bully: "Marvelous feat! (feet)."

E. B., calling up Memorial: "Is Mary Bland up there?"  
Miss M. at phone: "I don't think so. I don't hear any noise on the hall!"

A history student reading of the papal Bull in the time of Luther: "Bully, is this Bull one of your ancestors?"

"Mary, what are the sweetest letters in the alphabet to you?"  
M. S.: "O. D.!"

Helen S., coming into library: "Miss Streit, here is my commission for the library."

M. St. C.: (translating German) "They picked prunes off of the mulberry trees."

F. O.: (falling down-stairs and picking herself up again)

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"If Miss Weimar says anything, tell her I had to come down any way."

M. B.: "When I marry, I want a husband like an almanac, so I can get a new one every year!"

Photographer: What kind of a field is there in Kentucky?

Todd: Blue-grass, of course!

Oh, good-bye privileges, forever more,  
Our privilege days are forever o'er,  
We've had a good time, you'll all agree,  
But no more privileges for me.

When they're gone we won't miss them at all.  
Our names'll be noted in Study Hall.  
And when they're dead, we'll buy a stone  
And write the word, "Privilege" alone!



## The Bluestocking - 1914

### Stolen Selections



Good friends, before you start to take a look,—  
A word about our very humble little book,  
Where we have done our best to give you pleasure,  
And now present to you to read at leisure.  
If there be aught herein which you don't like,  
Forgive our little staff! (It's awful hard to write.)  
Or if our jokes to other minds seem queer,  
Don't laugh, unless you want to, (we don't care!).  
For even M. B. S. girls are but human!—  
And genius, alas! means more than woman.  
We only beg you be (our faults subduing)  
Content to take the willing for the doing,  
At trifling jest, we beseech you, do not stop,  
But let your mind supply that which is not,  
Wherever we fall short, forgive, dear friend,  
And bear with us from this until the end.

All M. B. S.'s a stage,  
And all the girls and the teachers merely players:

## The Bluestocking - 1914

They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one girl in her time plays many parts;  
Her acts being five ages, at first the new girl,  
Homesick and crying for her mother's arms,—  
And then when classes have begun, the student,  
With a long sad face, drags through the day  
Unwillingly to school. And then the "old girl"  
Laughing through the halls, happy to be back,  
To familiar haunts and places, and then the Junior,  
With all her knowing airs and manners,  
Struggling up the hill of knowledge, then the Senior,  
With all her dignity and superiority,  
With eye serene and head aloft  
Full of wise saws and instances,  
And so she plays her part.

To cut or not to cut: that is the question:  
Whether 'twill most expose our blissful ignorance  
To face the fire of sharp, ungracious quizzing,  
Or to absent ourselves with all due caution,  
And save our dignity? To skip; to hide;  
That's all; and by such means to say we miss  
The headaches and the tough unnatural knocks  
Students are heir to, 'tis a combination  
Well worth a desperate trial. To skip; to hide;  
To hide; perhaps get caught; ay, there's the rub;  
For in these vasty halls what nook is there  
To shelter and protect a helpless maid  
Who seeks to skip exams? There's the sad riddle  
To which none of us have yet found an answer;  
For who would bear such solemn, mystic looks,  
Pitying sentence, and warning words,—  
Head-splitting sums, soul-wearying translations,  
The pangs of sitting still, and all the stings  
Which agony can heap on those who fail,

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When she herself might her deliverance gain  
By a wee fit? Who'd have cramped digits,  
To sigh and groan over her nineteenth page,—  
But that the dread of something still more frightful,—  
Detection,—and the order to "make-up," from which  
No maid is e'er exempt, corrupt our courage,  
And makes us face reluctantly with company.  
What would be ten times worse to face alone!

The quality of "flunking" is not strained,  
It visits us,—abides with us, perforce,  
Whether we will or not; it is twice chidden;  
It chideth her that flunks and her who flunks her.  
'Tis worser than the worst; and it becomes  
Successful maidens less than all things else.  
The pass-mark shows our intellectual power,  
The attribute to time in Study Hall,  
Wherein doth sit the dreading, fearing thing.  
But "flunking" is beyond all hope of change;  
It is enthroned within the class-room portals,  
It is a fate which threatens each of us;  
And our "sheep-skins" can only be assured us  
When "flunking" shall be vanquished.

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise,—in such a night  
The little crush away in Chapel Hall  
Sighed in her soul to journey to McClung  
Where her belov'd roomed—in such a night.  
She then did fearfully creep down the hall,  
And saw the teacher's shadow ere herself,  
And ran dismayed away.

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If our material has offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here  
While such dreams did appear—  
And our hits and personal jokes  
Are not more serious than they're took.  
Readers, do not reprehend—  
If you pardon, we will mend—  
And as we can no more do  
We leave this Annual with you.



## The Bluestocking - 1914

### Mary Baldwin Alumnae Association

#### OFFICERS

Miss Margaret Peale, Virginia, . . . . .	<i>President</i>
Mrs. Annie Hotchkiss Howison, Virginia, . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
Mrs. Hattie Strayer Blackburn, Virginia, . . . . .	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
Mrs. Jennie McCue Marshall, Virginia, . . . . .	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
Miss Janet Woods, Virginia, . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>

The terms for joining the Association are:

Initiation fee . . . . .	\$1.00
Yearly dues . . . . .	.50

We earnestly desire that all girls who are leaving the Seminary this session shall become members of our Alumnae Association.

# The Bluestocking - 1914

## Directory

Adams, Clare .....1008 Wise Street, Lynchburg, Va.  
 Addison, Margaret .....1346 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.  
 Adreon, Jessie.....1700 N. Calvert St., Baltimore Md.  
 Alexander, Jessie.....1027 Telfair Street, Augusta, Ga.  
 Allen, Liona Victoria...32 North New Street, Staunton, Va.  
 Allen, Frances ..... Hawkinstown, Va.  
 Allison, Ola .....Yorkville, S. C.  
 Amis, Luise .....Virgilina, Va.  
 Anderson, Pauline ....2326 West Grace Street, Richmond, Va.  
 Andrews, Mary .....99 Johnson Ave., Newark, N. J.  
 Andrews, Dorothy .....99 Johnson Ave., Newark, N. J.  
 Armstrong, Marion ....c.....Rogersville, Tenn.  
 Baldwin, Kathryn .....170 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Baldwin, Marie .....Carpenter Ave., Newburgh, N. Y.  
 Ballard, Mary .....Bedford City, Va.  
 Bankhead, Marion .....Jasper, Ala.  
 Bankhead, Eugenia .....Jasper, Ala.  
 Bankhead, Tallulah .....Jasper, Ala.  
 Barkman, Gladys .....301 North Market St., Staunton, Va.  
 Barkman, Josephine ....301 North Market St., Staunton, Va.  
 Barrows, Caroline...309 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.  
 Bartlett, Henrietta .....Lawrenceburg, Ky.  
 Bascom, Colegate .....Sharpsburg, Ky.  
 Baylor, Nell .....Indian, Va.  
 Beard, Eglantine .....Raphine, Va.  
 Bell, Elizabeth .....241 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.  
 Bell, Mary Lou .....241 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.  
 Bell, Margaret .....241 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.  
 Bell, Renick .....Mt. Solon, Va.  
 Berry, Edna Viola .....Greenville, Va.  
 Berry, Ora .....Greenville, Va.  
 Biggs, Antoinette .....2138 Brookfield Ave., Baltimore, Md.  
 Billingslea, Elizabeth .....Westminster, Md.

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Blackburn, Helen	404 Greenville Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bland, Mary	1224 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
Boardman, Lydia	East Haddam, Conn.
Bolton, Harriet	187 Bailey Street, Lawrence, Mass.
Booth, Dorothy	230 Fountain St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Bottom, Elizabeth	Lebanon, Ky.
Borden, Mary	New Hope, Va.
Bowman, Mary Sue	234 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Bowman, Dorothy	239 Kalorama St., Staunton, Va.
Boyd, Mary	Potomac Manor, W. Va.
Brister, Lucille	Yazoo City, Miss.
Brotherton, Edwina	Jasper, Ala.
Brown, Antoinette	93 North Monroe St., Titusville, Pa.
Brown, Marjorie	Care Nashville Trust Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Bucklelew, Minnie Kate	1191 Louisiana Ave., Shreveport, La.
Bull, Lucie	816 Olive Street, Scranton, Pa.
Burkhead, Eloise	Opelika, Ala.
Burwell, Virginia	146 North Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Butler, Elizabeth	Care Law Exchange, Jacksonville, Fla.
Camp, Katherine	1511 Balingier St., Ft. Worth, Tex.
Campbell, Ada	Harrisonburg, Va.
Campbell, Alma	Harrisonburg, Va.
Campbell, Ruth	6 North Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Canova, Lillian	150 R Street, Havana, Cuba
Carter, Ruth	Silver City, N. M.
Christian, Cornelia	412 Madison St., Lynchburg, Va.
Churchman, Frances	404 West Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Clark, Emma	Point Pleasant, W. Va.
Clark, Harriet	Washington, D. C.
Clay, Mary	Rogersville, Tenn.
Cobb, Annie	315 Willard St., Durham, N. C.
Colvig, Sara	415 South Penn St., Wheeling, W. Va.
Connellee, Laura	Middletown, Del.
Craig, Corinne	424 Oak Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cramer, Catharine	30 East Third St., Frederick, Md.
Crocker, Nena	Saratoga Street, Suffolk, Va.

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Culberson, Aubrey .....	Stewart Building, Houston, Tex.
Currie, Leta .....	Winchester, Ark.
Curtis, Elsie .....	Lee Hall, Va.
Cuttino, Anna .....	38 Jackson Street, Newman, Ga.
Davis, Sara .....	Gainesville, Tex.
Davis, Laura .....	Park View, Portsmouth, Va.
Davis, Dorothy .....	75 Monument Ave., Concord, Mass.
Deatherage, Sallie Elaine .....	2924 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Driscoll, Helen .....	206 Maple Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Dudley, Mary Virginia .....	Pleasant Valley, Wheeling, W. Va.
Dull, Mildred .....	Craigsville, Va.
Dull, Regina .....	Spottswood, Va.
Echols, Harriet .....	East Main Street, Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Luise .....	931 North Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Mary Caroline .....	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Lillian .....	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Winifred .....	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Elliott, Kathleen .....	Kingwood, W. Va.
Ellis, Edythe .....	380 Hamilton Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Ellis, Nora .....	380 Hamilton Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Erwin, Mary .....	West Durham, N. C.
Felton, Catheryne .....	3113 Colonial Ave., Dallas, Tex.
Fleet, Marguerite .....	52 East 13th Street, New York City
Fox, Lillia .....	1028 North Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Fraser, Jean .....	North Coalter Street, Staunton, Va.
Fulton, Ruth .....	North Coalter Street, Staunton, Va.
Furman, Lila .....	South Amboy, N. J.
Galliher, Virginia .....	3729 Morrison St., Chevy Chase, D. C.
Galliher, Mildred,	
Care American National Bank, Washington D. C.	
Garber, Helen .....	15 Frazier St., Staunton, Va.
Gardner, Reba .....	Mint Spring, Va.
Garrett, Martha .....	Winchester, Ky.
Gary, Maude .....	718 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
Gibbs, Elizabeth .....	Middletown, Del.



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Glass, Augusta	605 Clay Street, Lynchburg, Va.
Golden, Mary Frances	Marlinton, W. Va.
Gore, Kathryn	Hodgenville, Ky.
Gover, Gladys	Hendersonville, N. C.
Green, Anna	Gibsonia, Pa.
Gregg, Jessie	213 South Coit St., Florence, S. C.
Grove, May Louise	Childress, Tex.
Guiberson, Helen	Kent, Wash.
Hall, Lucille	Southside, Charleston, W. Va.
Hall, Margaret	Ellsworth, Me.
Hallman, Marcellus	24 West North Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
Hamer, Elizabeth	923 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Hamrick, Catharine	West Frederick Street, Staunton, Va.
Hanger, Mary Preston	North Coalter Street, Staunton, Va.
Hanger, Leila	North Coalter Street, Staunton, Va.
Hanna, Margaret	1417 Market St., Galveston, Texas
Harris, Lunette	Blackstone, Va.
Harris, Susie	Churchville Ave., Staunton, Va.
Harris, Katherine	Waverly, Tenn.
Haugh, Virginia	513 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.
Hawley, Beatrice	Staatsburg, N. Y.
Heath, Lucile	Port Gibson, Miss.
Henderlite, Rachel Kinlinger	Garanhuns, Brazil
Henderlite, Martha Elizabeth	Garanhuns, Brazil
Henry, Louise	Peabody Street, Staunton, Va.
Herron, Ruth	Oakland, Miss.
Herron, Anita	Oakland, Miss.
Heydenreich, Louise	West Frederick Street, Staunton, Va.
Hitchcock, Annabel	428 Waller Street, Portsmouth, O.
Hodge, Elizabeth, Shelburne Apts., So. 56th St., Philadelphia, Pa.	
Hoge, Evelyn	West Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Hogshead, Anne Archer	Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
Holt, Mary Catharine	East Main Street, Staunton, Va.
Houston, Margaret,	Selma, Ala.
Hoy, Elizabeth	West Main Street, Staunton, Va.

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Hughes, Anna Page .....201 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.  
 Hugo, Undine .....335 W. Mistletoe Ave., San Antonio, Tex.  
 Humbert, Gladys .....Connellsville, Pa.  
 Hunt, Louise .....408 Oak Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.  
 Hutcheson, Marion .....Franklin St., Hempstead, L. I.  
 Jackson, Angie Young .....Owingsville, Ky.  
 Jenkins, Marjorie .....35 Oxford St., Hartford, Conn.  
 Johnson, Katherine .....Franklin, W. Va.  
 Johnson, Ruth .....127 McCormick St., Clifton Forge, Va.  
 Johnston, Lucile .....410 East Avenue, Charlotte, N. C.  
 Johnston, Letitia ....1721 12th Ave., South, Birmingham, Ala.  
 Jones, Mary Lee .....Statesboro, Ga.  
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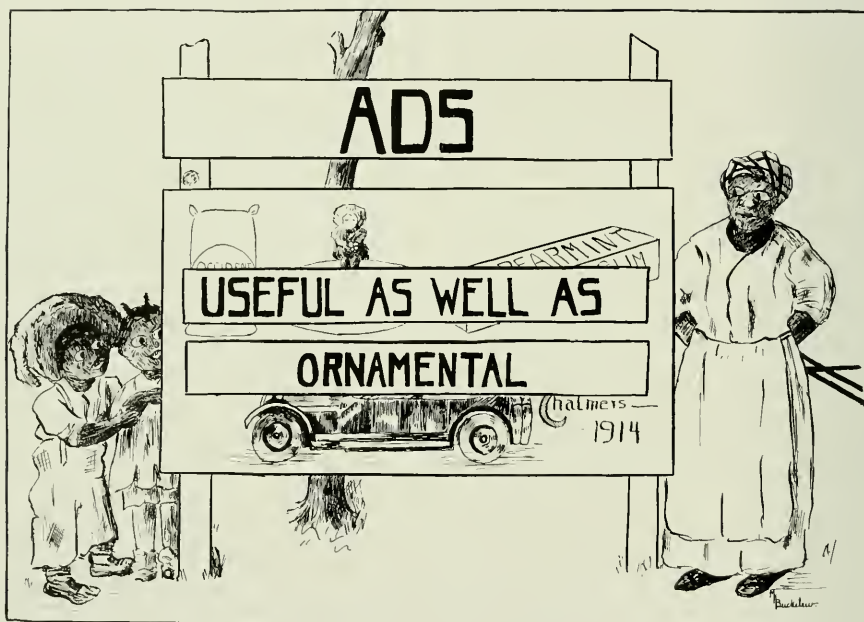
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Waterman, Nancy .....	Darien, Conn.
Waterman, Myra .....	Darien, Conn.
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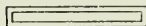
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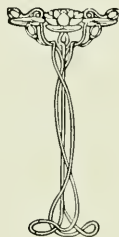
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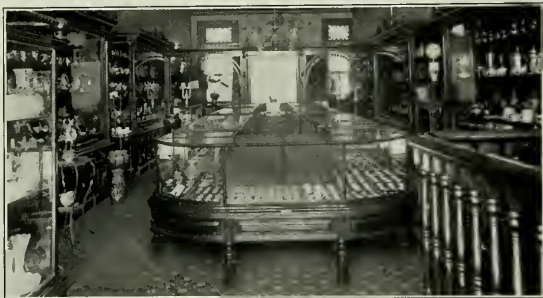
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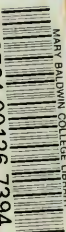








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